

THE JUNE

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1896.

The Drive, Loon Lake, Adirondacks	FRONTISPIECE
OUR GREAT SUMMER PLAYGROUND	259
The region of New York and New England that nature has marked out as the summer paradise of the health and pleasure seeker—the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, the White Mountains, the Maine woods—illustrated by C. M. Relyea, Dan Beard, J. M. Gleeson, L. M. Glackens, and from photographs.	
The Brook, A Poem	HENRY B. CULVER 284
A Daughter of Ishmael, A Short Story	LEONORA BECK 285
In the World of Music 294
Types of Fair Women 297
With portraits of Miss Lillian Yarbrough, Miss Virginia Drewry, Miss Nellie Mayo, Mrs. J. Lee Teller, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and the Princess of Piess.	
In the Public Eye 303
Men and Women of the Hour—with portraits of Prince Carl of Denmark and Princess Maud of Wales, Princesses Louise of Denmark and Marguerite of Orleans, President Heuraux, Richard P. Bland, Colonel Burges Ball, William P. Hazen, and Senators Teller and Aldrich.	
Artists and Their Work 312
With a series of engravings of representative canvases.	
Patriotic Societies of the Civil War	MARCUS BENJAMIN 322
The associations that preserve the memories of battlefield and camp fire—their numbers and influence, their insignia and records.	
A Private Chivalry, A Story of the West—Chap. XXVII—XXX	FRANCIS LYNDE 332
Heaven's Mirror, A Poem	MAURICE BALDWIN 343
The Strong Men of Canada	EDGAR M. SMITH 344
The political, intellectual, and financial leaders who are molding the destinies of our great northern neighbor—illustrated with a series of portraits.	
A Song of Longing, A Poem—illustrated by J. M. Gleeson .	CLINTON SCOLLARD 354
An American Princess	ELISABETH W. P. LOMAX 355
Miss Willis, of Virginia, who married Achille Murat, son of the dethroned King of Naples—illustrated.	
Love's Visit, A Poem—illustrated by C. M. Relyea	ADELINE MARY BANKS 358
The Stage 359
Sarah Bernhardt at home, and current theatrical notes—with portraits of Mme. Bernhardt, Maud Hoffman, Anna Robinson, Mabel Stephenson, Gertrude Elliott, Ethel Knight Mollison, and Charlotte Crane.	
Latest Fads 371
Literary Chat 375
Etchings 381
Impressions by the Way 383

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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

111 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Away in the heart of the hills
No trouble or care we know,
With the song in our ears of the rills
That laughingly lakeward go,
With far overhead the wide sky spread
And the clear blue lake below.

Away in the heart of the hills
With nothing to do but dream,
Where the lithe trout rise to the dancing flies
From the depths of the crystal stream
'Mid the wondrous maze of the sun's slant rays,
Through the tremulous leaves agleam.

Away! Away! At the dawn of day
From the thronging city's ills,
From the busy street to a far retreat
In the heart of the distant hills!



The Drive, Loon Lake, Adirondacks.
From a photograph by Candler, St. Albans.

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OUR GREAT

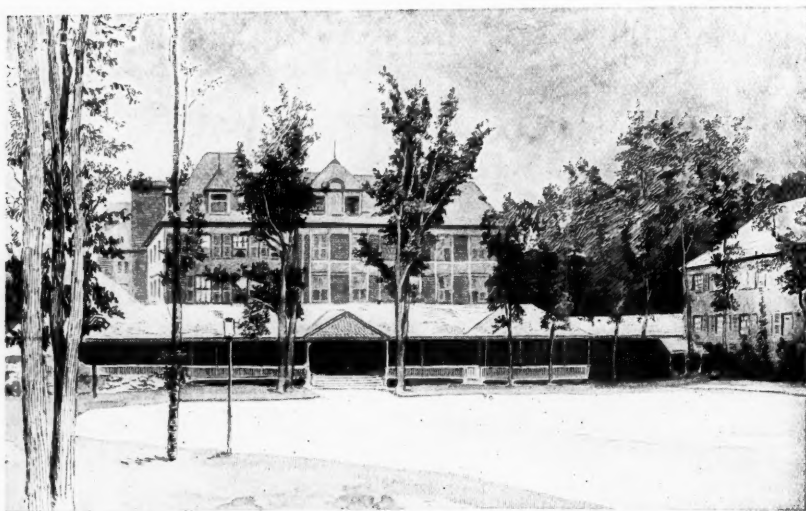
SUMMER
PLAYGROUND

THE MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS, THE LAKES AND
STREAMS, OF OUR NORTHEASTERN STATES—
A MAGNIFICENT REGION MARKED OUT BY
NATURE AS A SUMMER PARADISE FOR
THE SEEKER AFTER HEALTH,
PLEASURE, AND EVERY
FORM OF OUTDOOR
SPORT.

PESSIMISTS declare that the human race is degenerating; that the growth of luxury is bringing physical decay, and that the rush to the cities is destroying the simple, healthy, old fashioned American life. Our forefathers tilled the soil, breathed the fresh air, and were mighty men who built a great republic. We, their unworthy sons, are puny weaklings, herded in the crowded streets, chained to our desks, absorbed

in the sordid struggle of business; spending body and soul in a desperate struggle whose victors become gilded Sybarites, and whose vanquished are shattered wrecks. Pleasure takes the form of vice. Mammon is the omnipotent divinity of the hour, and paresis the fashionable disease.

Such is the picture drawn by the alarmist, and it is a picture that would be a terrifying one were it a less manifest perversion of the truth. It is not without a basis in existing facts; but there are other facts, no less important, for which it utterly fails to account. Nature can generally be depended upon to work her own cures. As wealth and luxury have increased, so has the love of every form of open air exercise. As the means of physical comfort have multiplied, so have the influences that make men "scorn delights and live laborious days." As our cities become more thronged, the more eagerly do their dwellers seek the pleasures of the country.



The Tuxedo Club House.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens from a photograph by Oysten, Middletown.

It is we latter day "degenerates" who have developed the vast variety of outdoor sports. Some of our games are of ancient

origin, but we have made them what they are. We hold all the records in every test of athletic prowess, and we are constantly



A Fishing Lodge on Lake Champlain

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

making new ones. Our pugilists could defeat those of Greece and Rome as easily as our armies could destroy Cæsar's or our ships outsail the triremes of Themistocles. It is we who climb, for a pastime, the snowy Alps that terrified the soldiers of Hannibal. It is we who have swept the fiercest wild animals from the face of the earth, except

play is like a liberated schoolboy. He gets out of doors with a jump. Rod or gun in hand, he plunges into the forest. He goes down to the sea in yachts, or up to the mountain lakes in canoes. He dwells in tents and "shacks," modeling his holiday existence upon that of the departed aborigine whose hunting grounds he occupies.



Dr. Seward Webb's Coach at the Westchester Country Club

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

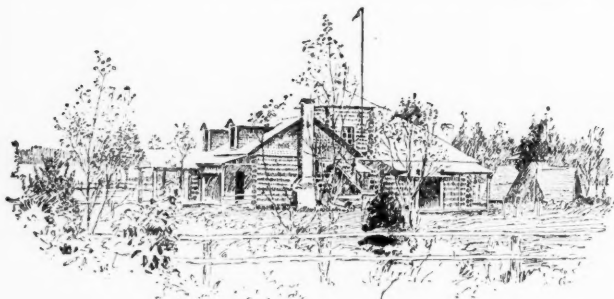
where we preserve them for the sake of sport. The challenge of the unknown had been before the world for centuries, but it was left for us to explore the dark corners of the globe, and to attack the icy barriers of the pole with a pertinacity certain to be crowned with success.

THE AMERICAN AT PLAY.

Action and reaction, the mathematician tells us, are equal and opposite; and it is because the American at work is the keenest of "hustlers" that the American at

He shows plainly that under the veneer of civilization he retains a healthy instinct of primitive savagery.

The American has an advantage over most of his kinsmen of other countries in that nature has set at his doors, in his own land, as splendid a playground as any in the world. Close to the most densely populated part of the United States, within a day's journey of the great cities of the Atlantic coast, lie regions of mountain and forest, of lake and stream, of rocky shores and sheltered inlets, that are the natural



An Adirondack Cottage.

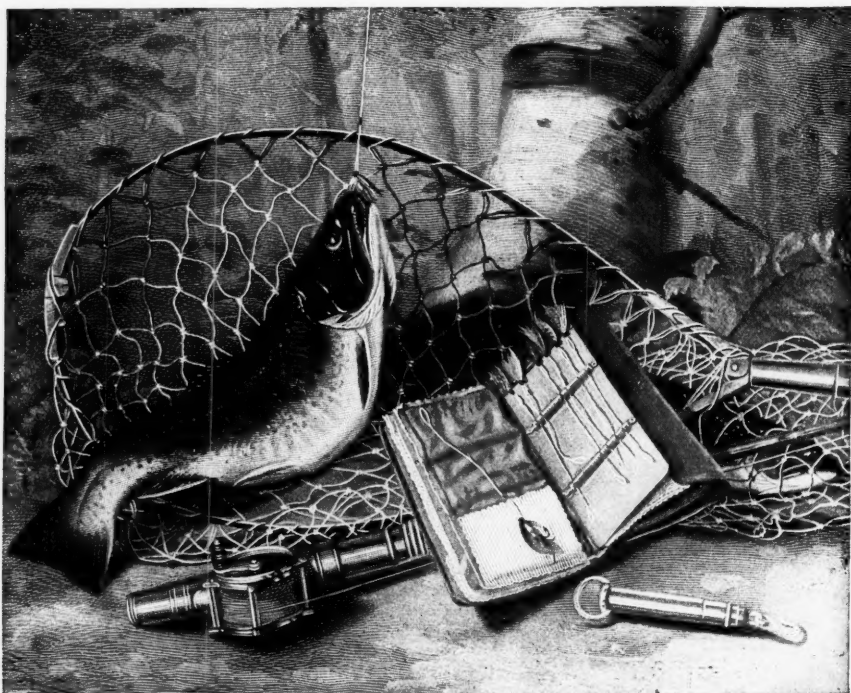
paradise of the holiday maker. Their invitation is universal, their resources are inexhaustible. The lover of scenery, the lover of sport, the seeker after rest and quiet—each can find what he needs in infinite variety.

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND.

From the wooded slopes of the Catskills, and the hills that overlook the wide reaches of the lower Hudson, to fair Memphremagog smiling beneath its famous guardians, Elephant's Head and Owl's Head, and to

there are noble prairies and lakes and forests in the Northwest, there are famous hills and valleys in the South; but it is this Northeastern region that offers the most varied charms and the nearest to our doors.

Here we have the Adirondacks of New York, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire; such lakes as the Rangeleys, Moosehead, Winnepesaukee, Memphremagog, Champlain, and George; such famous river valleys as those of the Connecticut and Hudson. A dozen great railroads, vying with one

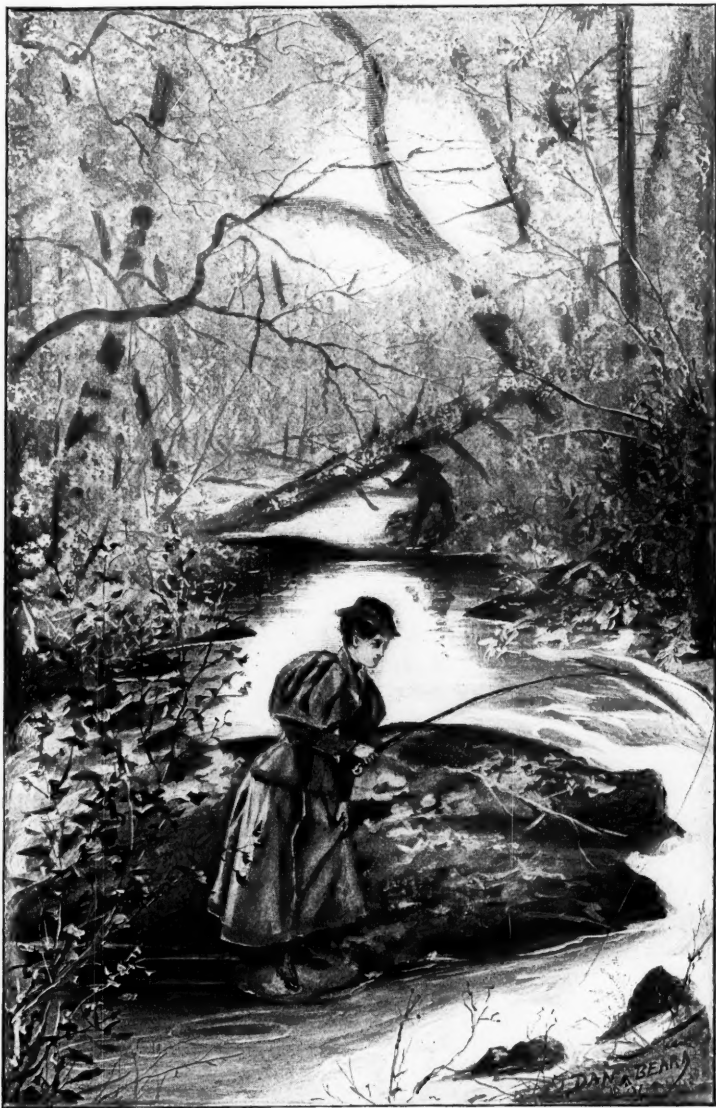


"How Much Did He Weigh?"

From the painting by T. Sedgwick Steele.

another to serve the traveler best, will carry you in a few hours from the dusty city streets to the heart of the green woods. Hotels to suit every taste—with prices to

wheelman, rough mountain paths for the pedestrian. There are broad rivers for the yachtsman, winding streams for the canoeist, and trout brooks for the angler. There



A Northern Trout Brook.

Drawn by Dan Beard.

suit all pockets—are ready for you at every strategic point. There are elaborate "country clubs" for the four hundred, and more democratic establishments for the four million. There are good roads for the

are links for the golfer, courts for the tennis player, diamonds for the baseball enthusiast, smooth grounds for the cricketer, and cinder paths for the runner. There are primeval forests for the lover of untrodden



A Fishing Camp on the Upper Saranac Lake.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.



An Adirondack Guide.

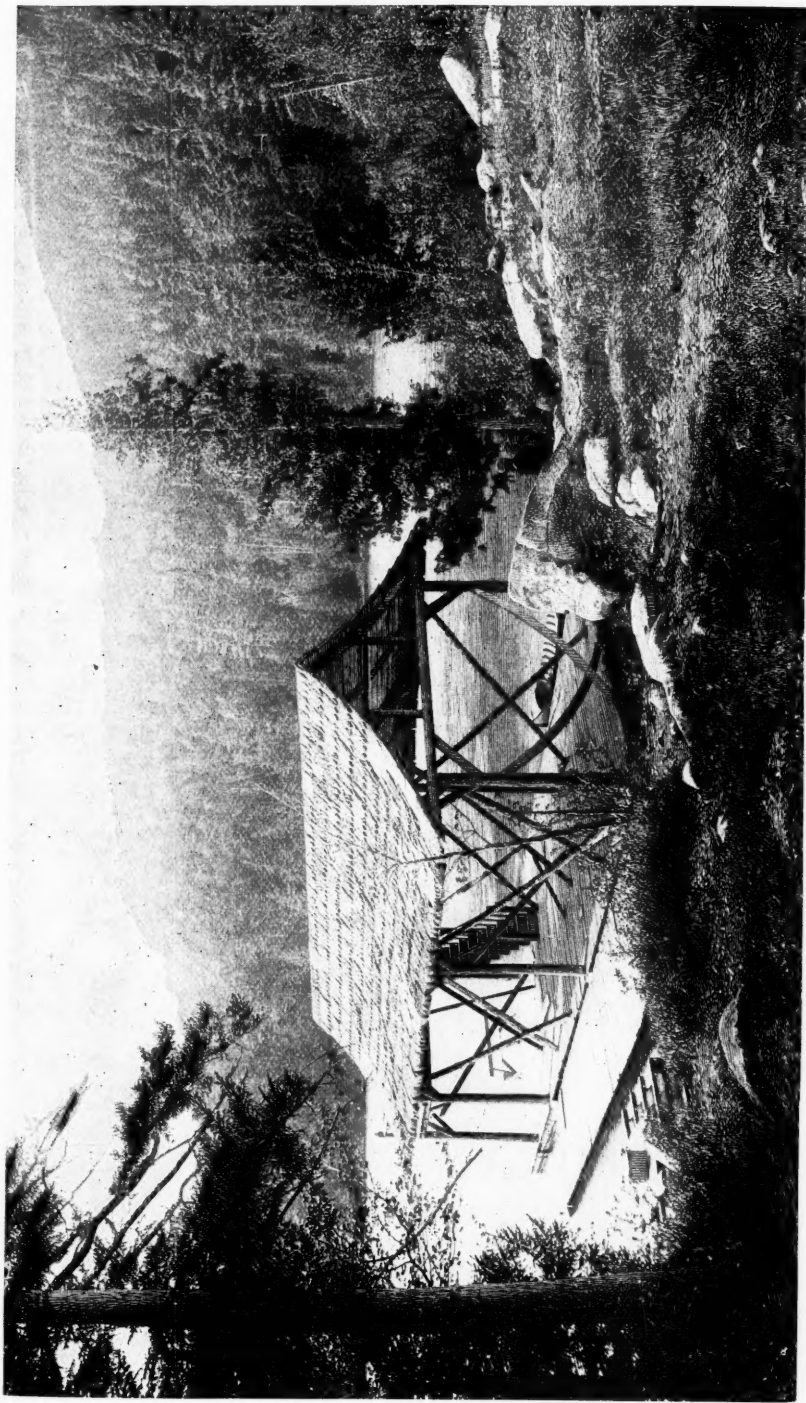
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

nature. There are broad piazzas for the indolent, and quiet corners for the honeymooners. Even the hay fever victim receives special attention for his special needs.

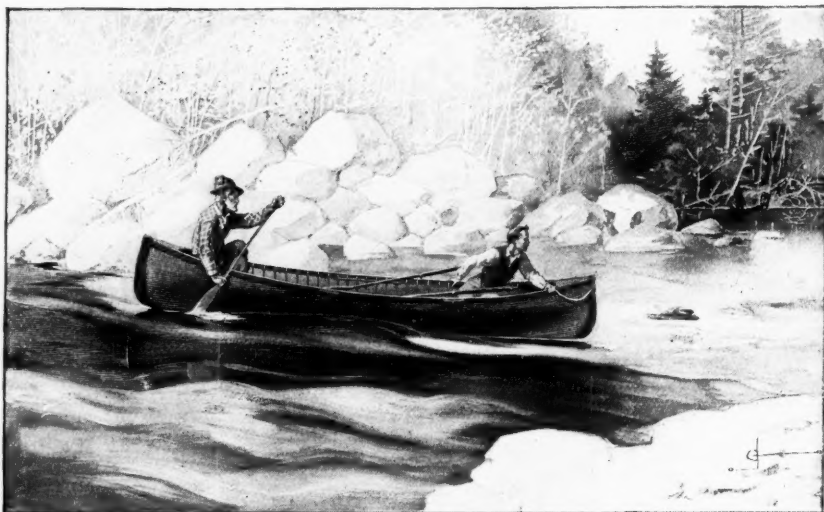
Little did the Pilgrim Fathers dream, when their stern visages first beheld the bleak shore of Plymouth, that they were about to create the nucleus of what should in after years become the frolicking place of a great nation; yet such has their chosen land become. Great would be the astonishment of those departed worthies could they behold their descendants decked in latter day outing costumes, scattered over their fair land in reckless pursuit of holiday pleasures.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

The railroads are not the only means of travel through the summer playground. The iron monster, and its diminutive rival of steel, the bicycle, have not wholly driven the horse out of existence, nor are they likely to do so. Man's faithful equine servant may be relieved from the drudgery of commerce, but he will always be the pride of wealth. He may yield the streets to electric motors, but



A Boat House on the Lower Saranac Lake.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.



Running the Rapids.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls.

he will continue to share with the bicycle the roads and parkways. He may no longer be enslaved to cars and wagons, but he will draw fashion's coach or victoria and the pleasure seeker's buggy or buckboard.

Riding and driving stand high among American summer amusements. At no re-

sort in the world, perhaps, can such equipages and such horses be seen as on Newport's famous drive at the height of the season. Fine horseflesh is an appanage of wealth, and it is where rich New Yorkers and Bostonians congregate that elaborate turnouts are most in evidence. Lenox, in



City and Country.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason.



The Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga.

the Berkshire hills, is second only to Newport in this respect. At country places nearer New York—at Hempstead, on Long Island, at Larchmont, on the Sound, at Tuxedo and Westchester—the horse reigns supreme, and coaching parties are frequent diversions. The splendid procession that flashes along the drives of Central Park in the winter season is scattered, in summer, through these rural abodes of the four hundred.

THE TALLYHO COACH.

Many prominent New Yorkers are experts with whip and reins, and are well known as

devotees of horseflesh. Dr. Seward Webb, whose coach is shown in the engraving on page 261, drives from the metropolis all the way to his fine country place in Vermont, Shelburne Farms. Tuxedo and Morristown are favorite objective points for coaching trips. It is not only men who appear on the box seats of these costly turnouts; there are women who can drive a four in hand with the ease and grace of a professional. Mrs. Oliver Iselin—also famed as a yachtswoman—is known as an accomplished whip; so is Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and so are not a few other fair members of New York's inner social circle.



The Valley of the Hudson, Near Thurman, New York.



Long Lake, Adirondacks, from Moose Island.

From a copyrighted photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Good roads are multiplying rapidly in America—a fact for which the cyclist de-

serves the lion's share of the credit. There is no lack of them about New York and most of the New England cities. Highways are being built on scientific principles with the special purpose of attracting travel. Many of the old roads, which may beswamps in spring, are in excellent condition in summer. On the whole, no other section of the country is so well off in this respect as our northern playground.

The swell coach, with its "smart" party, fine cattle, and echo rousing horn, has become a delightful feature of a summer landscape. Less conspicuous, more numerous, and, possibly, quite as enjoyable, are the family traps, dogcarts, and buckboards of those who have discovered the pleasures of the long extended driving tour. This is a wholesome and charming way of spending a month or more, as it permits a leisurely view of the country traversed, while the actual driving, and the various minor incidents that are sure to arise, prevent the tourist from idling beyond the really beneficial point. The American's natural love for a good roadster is bound to increase the number of advocates of the long summer drive, and this, in turn, to assist in the further improvement of our highways.

CYCLISTS AND PEDESTRIANS.

Of the other wheels—the ubiquitous bicycles—much was said in the last number of *MUNSEY'S*, and little need be added here. Where roads are, thither they go; and this summer they will be more ubiquitous



The Start at Sunrise.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason.



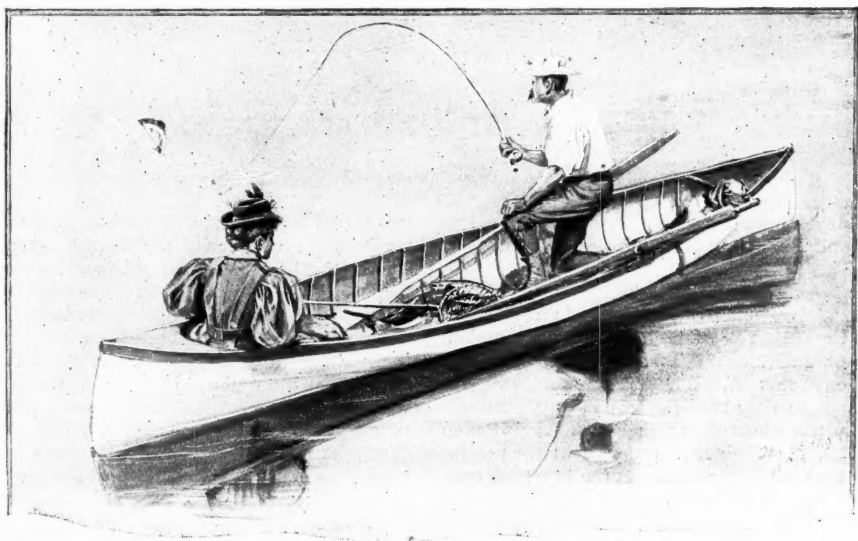
The Return at Sunset.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason.

than ever before. Gliding over pastoral levels, toiling up ascents, whirring down mountain slopes, the wheel will bear its masculine or feminine burden till the welcome holiday is done.

A very sensible and very beneficial form

of exercise is the walking tour. In certain districts this will suffer from the popularity of the bicycle, but in the hilly and mountainous country it will, as it has done for years, appeal to those close students of nature who desire to add to their store of sci-



A Lusty Trout.

Drawn by Dan Beard.

entific knowledge during their period of play. The pedestrian could not wish for better country than New England offers in its more mountainous parts, for every picturesque bit has its excellent inns; and the picturesque bits are so continuous that a

rule in its more thickly settled portions; yet in every one of its seven States there are waters and covers, in districts somewhat removed from the beaten trails of travel, that will well repay a holiday with gun or rod. Almost everywhere there are



A Canoe Camp.

Drawn by Dan Beard.

day's tramp, or climb, may be arranged to suit all degrees of endurance.

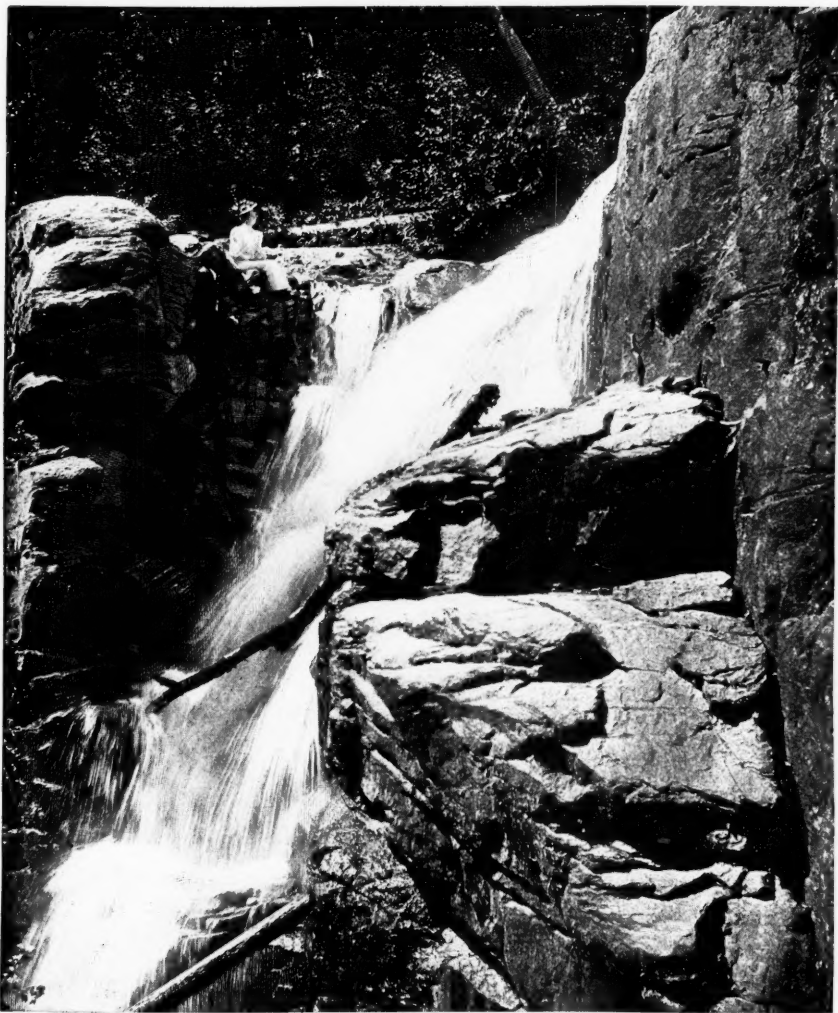
WITH ROD AND GUN.

A large class of holiday makers—perhaps the largest class—seek something more than pure air, fine scenery, and restful change of environment. They scent a chance for sport; they have the love of battle and adventure that seems inherent in Anglo-Saxon blood. Their hands may wield the pen for ten or eleven months in the year, but gun, rod, and paddle are their favorite playthings.

To these followers of Nimrod and Diana our playground has much to offer. It is true that good shooting or fishing is not the

woods and copses that still contain grouse, woodcock, quail, hare, rabbit, and gray squirrel, while some of the sea beaches are famous resorts of shore birds. Nor has the glory of its trout streams yet entirely waned, and many of its larger waters are noted for their hard fighting black bass. In addition to the bass are wall eyed pike, pike perch, white perch, lake trout, and several less noteworthy varieties. These will abundantly satisfy people of the mild sporting type, who like a little angling and shooting as an adjunct rather than the main feature of a holiday.

Your keen sportsman, however, will turn his attention to the wilds of Maine and northern New York, for these are worthy of



The Cascade above "The Flume," White Mountains.

From a photograph by Peabody, Boston.

the stoutest knight of gun, rod, or paddle. In the latter, the Adirondack wilderness contains, at a rough estimate, about seven thousand square miles—or considerably more, if we reckon adjoining areas not strictly a part of its territory. Much of this is today as wild as it was when the red man—the "bark eater" who gave it its name—alone knew its countless waterways and intricate trails. Broad expanses bear the unmistakable brand of the popular summering place, but there is enough both of the natural and of the "improved" to suit both

the most energetic sportsman and the most indolent pleasure seeker.

NEW YORK'S "NORTH WOODS."

The scenic features of the Adirondacks are too well known to require a detailed description. Who has not seen, or at least heard of, Loon Lake, the Saranac, St. Regis, Elizabethtown, the Fulton Chain, Tupper Lake, and other famous spots? Briefly, it is a highly picturesque region of forested mountain and valley, intersected by a network of lakes, ponds, and connecting

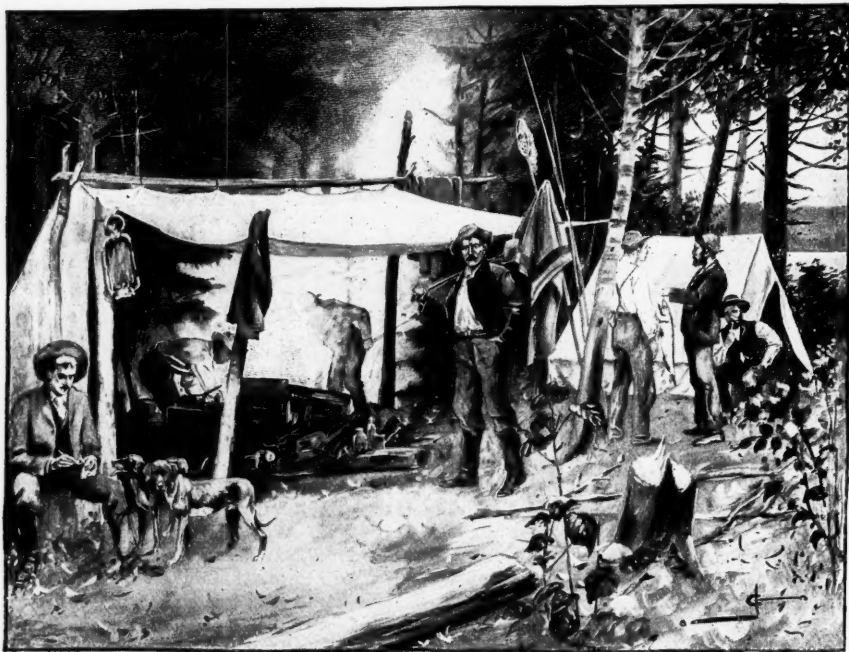


A "Carry."

streams, the latter ranging from rivers to the merest brooklets. The larger bodies of water, with their tributaries, are so situated that the voyager by boat or canoe finds extensive routes open to him. From stream to lake, from lake to "carry," and so to stream and lake anew, the pleasant ways lead on and on to remote corners known only to the guides and trappers.

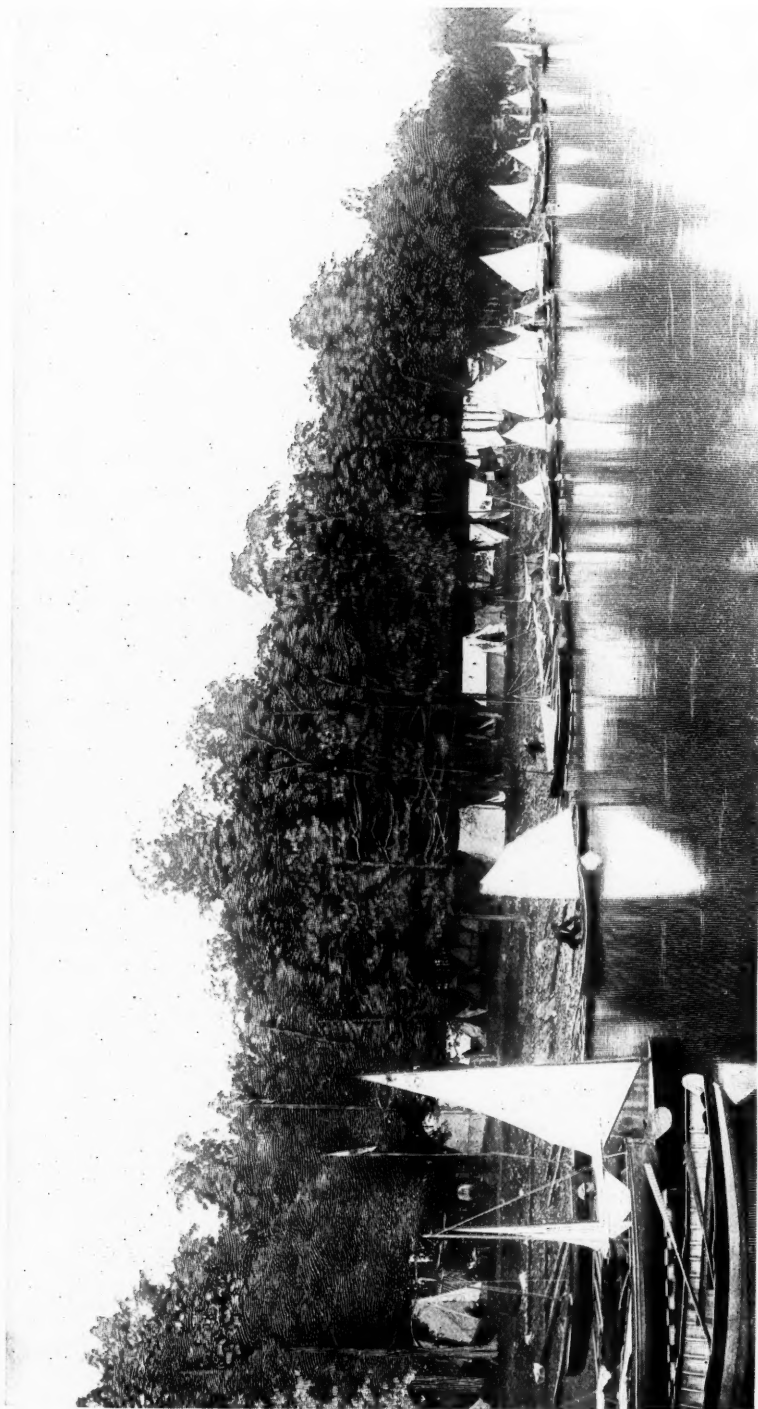
The sport of the Adirondacks is always excellent. While grouse, hare, and squirrel are plentiful, and there is abundance of waterfowl upon certain waters, comparatively little attention is paid to these. Sportsmen who seek this region are usually in search of deer and trout, and they seldom fail to attain their object. A few years ago, it was feared that the deer might be exterminated; but in spite of the destruction of thousands of the animals, their numbers are today increased rather than diminished. Wisely enforced protective laws have brought about this desirable state of affairs, and the future of the game is much more promising than it was a decade ago.

Over fishing has played havoc



An Adirondack Camp.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason.



Camp of the American Canoe Association on Lake Champlain, 1895.

with many erstwhile noted waters, but here again the law, aided by the trout hatchery, has come to the rescue for the good of the people. Many a remote water still has fish like those which startled the pioneers of the fly rod, and even the most frequented locali-

succeeds solely by dint of clever woodcraft and good shooting.

Hounding has been frequently denounced as an unsportsmanlike method. Too often the deer, after taking to water, is pursued by a man in a light boat, and butchered at



Boating on Tupper Lake, Adirondacks.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

ties will as a rule yield something that is worth taking.

DEER HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The deer hunter who properly understands his craft seldom returns to the city without a trophy of his prowess. Even the novice, if he follows the instructions of his experienced guide, is almost certain of getting game.

The methods of deer hunting which have been successfully followed in the past are three—"hounding," or driving with dogs to runway "stand," or to water; "jacking," or "floating," when the deer is lured with a light, at night, upon waters which it visits in quest of food or to escape insect pests; and "still hunting," in which the sportsman silently trails the deer through the forest by its track or "sign," and

short range when it has no chance to escape. Apart from this, however—which certainly is unpleasantly near butchery—there is a wild, free music in the tonguing of good hounds upon a hot scent, and the man must be made of coldest clay whose heart does not thrill when the clamor of the dogs wakes the echoes of the hazy hills as it sounds nearer and nearer to his point of vantage.

Jacking, too, has the great disadvantage of not giving the quarry a fair chance. A guide, a boat, a gun, and a jack light are necessary for this form of sport. The light is so arranged that it can be shut off and turned on at will, and it is fixed to the shooter's hat, or to an upright in the bow of the boat. Upon a dark, still night, guide and sportsman embark and noiselessly steal about the edges of lily pads. The guide



Echo Lake, Franconia Notch, White Mountains—Mount Lafayette in the Distance.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason.

manipulates the paddle, while the sportsman crouches in the bow of the craft, and waits till the splashing or whistling of a deer is heard. A slight rocking of the boat is the signal to open the jack. A shaft of light streams far ahead, and reveals the shadowy form of a deer at gaze. The animal can see nothing but the light, and before it can satisfy its curiosity, the gun roars forth, and a kill or a miss is recorded.

than compensates for days of vain labor. The methods employed in the Adirondacks are also followed in the wilds of Maine, the latter State having still more large game, and being still more difficult as a hunting country.

BIG GAME IN MAINE.

A glance at a map of Maine will show why it is a region beloved of sportsmen.



"It's a Long Way to Camp!"

Drawn by Dan Beard.

Again, in spite of the savor of butchery, jacking is undeniably a very fascinating sport. The long, silent search through the black mystery of night, the constant strained attention to the whispering sounds of the forest, the sudden flash of light, and the vision of the startled deer, all possess a romantic interest peculiarly their own. If a man would go jacking *without a weapon*, he would see and experience enough to repay him amply.

Still hunting is the sportsmanlike method, but it is a game at which only experienced hands can win. The novice usually makes a sad mess of it. Yet there is a satisfaction to be derived from a successful matching of human skill against the resources of a shy quarry upon its own ground, which more

Lakes, ponds, and streams net the entire landscape. Looking down from the crests of the State's greatest mountains—Kineo and Katahdin—one sees a vast succession of densely forested hills, between which flash uncounted waters. This is the famous trout region, and from the storied Rangeleys to the Boundary Mountains, birthplace of Moosehead's many tributaries, the sportsman may shoot, fish, canoe, and trail to his heart's content.

The game of the Maine woods includes moose, caribou, deer, bobcat, hare, rabbit, and grouse. The best fish are the trout, landlocked salmon, togue, black bass, and white perch. Some of the finest sport ever enjoyed in America is to be credited to these magnificent forests. The local accom-

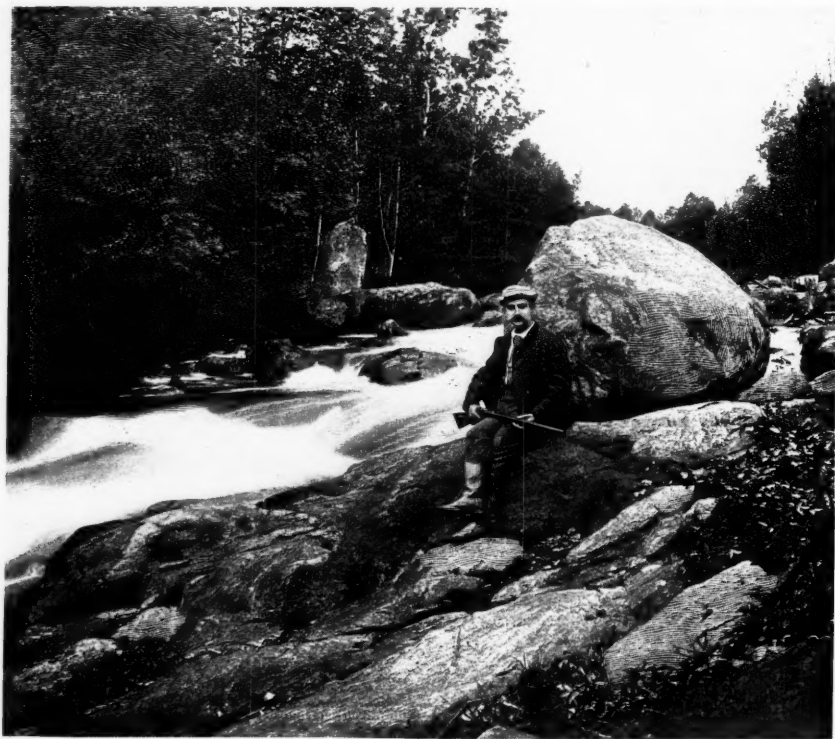


The Bouquet River, Lake Champlain.

modations vary from the fine modern hotel to the temporary open camp, according to the distance from lines of travel. If after moose or caribou, one must needs rough it, for only bare necessities can be packed upon men's backs over the trails that lead to the best grounds.

Once in the woods one must take what fate ordains and trust to the guide. But it

the heart thumping, the cramping of muscles; the electric thrill when a rattling of antlers against branches told that the king of the forest had drawn near; and, at last, the start, when the huge black form showed in the open; the desperate resolve to do or die; the fight to control the wobbling rifle, the spurt of flame, the ripping report, the thud of a falling body, the wild yell of



Watching a Runway on the Saranac.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

is glorious work to toil day after day at paddle and portage, to "creep" mile after mile, even though in vain, through leagues of forest after that coveted game, bull moose, or over the "barrens" on the trail of a caribou.

And then the "calling"! Who will ever forget his first experience of it? The long, anxious crouch in the tangle of cover, before which spread a moon lit, mysterious "barren"; the unearthly noise as the guide, with birch bark caller, imitated the love plaint of a fair young cow moose; the agony of suspense, as strained ears waited for the faint reply; the nervous breathing,

triumph, and the crazy war dance round the fallen monarch!

A man never forgets things like these, and his heart is ever longing for another trial. Before the tan is off his face, before the hardness gets out of his muscles, before his nerves again acknowledge the city's numbing influence, he is craving to revisit nature's pharmacy—the grand old northern woods.

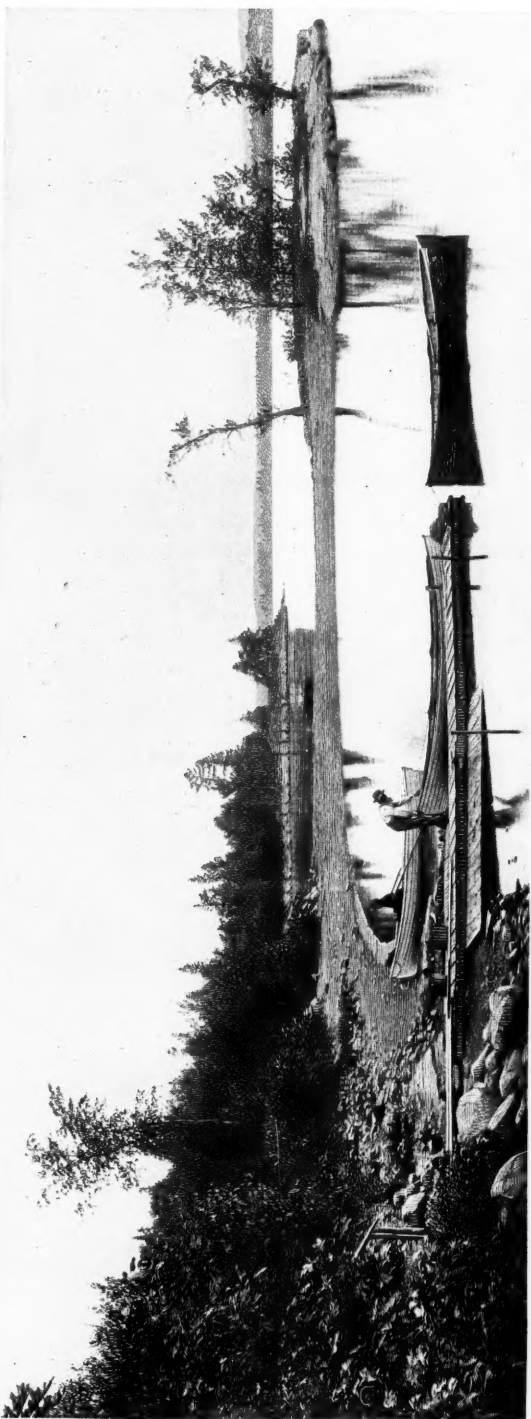
GOLF STICK, OAR, AND RACKET.

For those whose fancy turns toward games rather than game, our summer playground makes ample provision. Between the wild

barrens of Maine and the trim tennis courts of Newport there is a variety to suit all tastes. Golf clubs are multiplying rapidly, and links will soon be features of every well regulated summer resort. One of the great events of the world of sport is the annual coast-wise cruise of the New York Yacht Club—of which, and of the yachting centers scattered along the Sound and the New England shores, we may speak more fully in a later number. Oarsmen turn their eyes, each summer, toward the courses on the Thames and the Hudson, where the 'varsity crews fight for the aquatic championship—though this year, unfortunately, a misunderstanding between our two premier colleges has left the former river silent and sent the sons of Eli to fight for Henley honors upon its English namesake. Tennis players look toward the Casino at Newport, where the national championship is battled for by experts from East and West.

THE PLEASURES OF CAMP LIFE.

What a variety, too, of summer habitations this region offers! You may—if you have the money—have your marble palace at Newport, your ornate cottage at Bar Harbor, your costly villa at Lenox; or you may take your household gods upon your back, as it were, pick your quiet spot upon the beach or in the woods, and put up your tent there—braving the buffets of rain and heat, and the torments of mosquitoes, for the privilege of escaping for a time from your fellow beings and of living as the birds and beasts live. There is many a man—yes, and many a woman—who, used to all the refinements of



Twin Bays, Lake Champlain.
From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.



Black Mountain, Lake George.

From a photograph by Woodward, Plattsburgh.

life, looks back upon days of primitive freedom, spent under a roof of canvas or of spruce boughs, as among the happiest ever known.

FROM A CAMPER'S DIARY.

Camping is a science, in which experience is necessary to success. It requires the nicest adjustment of the camper's equipment to his circumstances. The novice is sure to burden himself with cumbersome superfluities, while he is likely to omit indispensable requisites. He may find it difficult to secure expert advice, and there is comparatively little literature on the subject. One of the practical sportsmen who have written down their experiences in the northern woods is Thomas Sedgwick Steele, from whose brush came the characteristic painting engraved on page 262. In "Paddle and Portage" Mr. Steele catalogues the outfit with which he started for a five weeks' trip in the Maine forests. Two tourists, a half breed Indian guide, and two "natives" set out from the northern end of Moosehead Lake—reached by rail and steamer—with "the provisions necessary to feed five hungry men on a five weeks' cruise, two canvas A tents, six by eight feet, a Baker tent, seven by nine feet, six iron beaver traps, and five rubber and canvas bags containing our blankets, rubber beds, cooking utensils, four Winchester rifles, and a good supply of ammunition." After leaving civilization, all these equipments were carried in the three canoes, and at each halting place a camp was made. "The baggage was thrown out of the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank and overturned to dry; the tents were unrolled, the poles were struck, and two of the guides busied themselves in their erection, while a third woke the echoes of the woods with the resounding blows of his heavy axe as he cut the logs and fuel for the camp fire, and the colonel and I, seizing our rifles, sauntered forth to decrease the population of the forest game in the interest of our first meal. When we returned we found everything under way; the logs were crackling merrily, and before it squatted the guides on upturned pails. Around them were scattered in picturesque confusion our cooking paraphernalia, consisting of tea and coffee pots, kettles, frying pans, tin cups, bakers, broilers, etc., out of which assortment they were selecting the utensils needed for our meal."

This was a more ambitious expedition than the average camper will care to make. By camping where he can buy all or most of his provisions, he will greatly lighten his

equipment. He is not likely to need traps, and perhaps not even a gun. On the other hand, cooking at an open fire of logs is difficult to the uninitiated, and he will be wise to take a small stove. This, with a frying pan and a few tins, together with a tent and a good supply of blankets, will form the essential part of his outfit; and even the tent may often be dispensed with by building a wooden "shack" or finding one already built. A rubber bed, to be inflated by the simple pneumatic force of the camper's breath, is a readily portable luxury; and a sleeping bag is a good substitute for blankets. But old campers say that there is nothing like a mattress of fresh cut fir boughs.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our camp is made
'Twixt shore and hill, beneath the pine tree's
shade.

'Tis still, and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom!
One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this.

So sings a poet who understood the
unique charm of camp life.

CANOE CAMPS.

There are camps for solitary campers, camps for camping parties, family camps, and club camps. Among the most notable of the latter are the canoe camps, and especially the annual gatherings of the American Canoe Association, which meets each year at some picturesque spot of our summer playground. Last year's encampment on Lake Champlain is pictured on page 273; that of 1894 was at Croton Point, on the Hudson. At these meetings the sailing and paddling championships are awarded, and the racing interest is enhanced by the atmosphere of jolly good fellowship that prevails. The days are a round of holiday amusements, and the evenings are enlivened with merry camp fires. The campers—and even the racers—are not all of the sterner sex. A prominent feature of each assemblage is the ladies' camp—dubbed Squaw Point, to retain the nomenclature of the red man whose craft the pale faced canoeist has copied.

AMERICA VERSUS EUROPE.

Why do Americans who have never seen the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, or even Niagara, go to Europe for their holiday trips? It is strange that other lands should attract them more than their own. They can find no greater variety of beautiful scenery than in the region between the St. Lawrence and

the Hudson; they cannot find better traveling facilities, a more hospitable welcome, or more tonic air. Do they seek historical associations? The American playground is replete with them; and the history with which its lakes and valleys are inseparably linked is American history. The famous men who explored this region were the builders of our own country, the brave soldiers who fought here were of our own flesh and blood. Is there not inspiration in the scenes of their victories and their struggles?

"Here and here hath England helped me," sang Robert Browning, on the waters where Nelson and Jervis saved the naval prestige of Britain; and are Americans less sensible of their debt to the great names of their past?

A WEALTH OF HISTORIC MEMORIES.

"Before Quebec was founded," says W. H. Murray, who has so eloquently sounded the praises of these northern mountains and waters, "Champlain's arquebus, right opposite Burlington here, had shed Iroquois blood, and started a terrible echo among the hills above Crown Point—an echo which died not away until it was finally drowned by the crash of Wolfe's musketry on the Plains of Abraham, a hundred and fifty years later. From the northern end of this famous lake (Champlain) up the Richelieu came Frontenac, came Montcalm, came Burgoyne, came all those great martial movements, whether under French or English banners, which during the early or later wars threatened the whole south country, which flowed victoriously on, and were not stopped until the Hudson itself was sighted from the ruins of Fort William Henry and the heights above Saratoga. Along these shores Putnam and Rogers scouted and fought. Here is Plattsburgh Bay and Cumberland Head, where Macdonough fought his glorious fight. Here, off Vergennes, chased by the English admiral, Arnold fired his ship, whose timbers can be seen through the clear waters to-day. Here is Ticonderoga, in front of whose fatal abattis Abercrombie left two thousand of his bravest dead, and within whose walls Ethan Allen demanded its surrender 'in the name of God and the Continental Congress.' There is scarcely a bay or promontory upon the lake that has not some historic recollections clustering around it, half of them unwritten. For here history sits holding her unlettered scroll, waiting for some Prescott or Parkman to write upon it the marvelous stories of those heroic days, when English civilization and American

liberty successively contended for victory upon the bosom and along the sides of this lake."

THE BATTLE GROUND OF NATIONS.

It was beside the little stream of the Bouquet, which falls into Lake Champlain at Willsborough—its sylvan banks are pictured on page 277—that Burgoyne, in 1777, met the Iroquois chieftains, and asked their aid against the revolted colonies. They pledged it with such ferocious eagerness, and celebrated the alliance with such savage orgies, that even in England the news created a shudder, and evoked an eloquent protest from Chatham; while throughout America it aroused an outburst of indignation which foreshadowed the doom of Burgoyne's army.

It was in this school, the natural battleground between the French in Canada and the English colonies on the Atlantic, that the spirit was bred and the martial skill gained, that won liberty for the American republic. "Here it was," to quote again from Mr. Murray, "that the men who fought so bravely under Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Gates, and Washington learned the lesson of war, and graduated as veterans for the Revolutionary struggle." From the day when Samuel de Champlain first saw the broad waters of the lake that bears his name, eleven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the early history of the continent centered here. And should not these scenes have a greater interest for Americans than the ruins of German castles or the burial places of Italian poets?

Nor have we spoken here of the historic spots of the New England lowlands, and of the valley of the Hudson. Here, as even the schoolboy knows, is to be found a veritable cyclopedia of the annals of our country.

THE HIGHEST NORTHERN HILLS.

What Murray has done for the Adirondack district Thomas Starr King did for the White Mountains, in introducing their legends and their natural beauties to literature. This compact mountain group, whence flow four of the chief rivers of New England—the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimac, and the Connecticut—is the culminating point of the whole region. Mount Washington, its loftiest summit, rises nearly a thousand feet above Marcy, the monarch of the Adirondacks, and is the highest peak east of the Rockies with the sole exception of the Black Mountains of North Carolina. Since King described it, forty years ago, the district has become a great resort of

tourists, and thousands ascend Mount Washington every summer—ascend, not climb, for no muscular exertion is needed. A cog-wheel railway—the pioneer of the many mountain roads since built in America and Europe—lifts the traveler from his hotel in the valley below to the United States signal station on the topmost crest.

THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR POETRY.

An old New England worthy, Darby Field of Pascataquack, was the first explorer of the White Mountains, and the first white man to set foot upon their summits. He brought back "a report of shining stones, etc., which caused divers others to travel thither, but they found nothing worth their pains." If disappointed in their hopes of mineral wealth, however, the adventurous Puritans found other natural marvels. One of them, John Josselyn, reported that the mountains were "hollow, as may be guessed by the resounding of the rain upon the level at the top." But this veracious traveler was much disconcerted by those pests of the northern summer, the black flies, which he found "so numerous up in the country that a man cannot draw his breath but he will suck of them in." The region had no share in the drama of colonial history, the earliest settlers venturing into its mountain wilderness two or three years before the Revolution. In 1837, when King first visited it, "it was a secluded district, the inns offering only the homely cheer of country fare, and the paths to Mount Washington rarely trodden by any who did not prize the very way, rough as it might be, too much to wish for easier ones."

Whittier recorded his impressions of the White Mountains :

We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven ; and through the narrow
rift

Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasseled with clouds light woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags,
O'er roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco ; and, bewildered
In the dwarf spruce belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood,
and thick

As meadow molehills—the far sea of Casco
A white gleam on the horizon of the east ;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills ;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kiarsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun.

Very wisely, Whittier prefers Indian names for his verse, and calls Mount Washington by its aboriginal title of Agiochook. For the whole range, he holds to the name of "Crystal Hills," given to it by the first explorers, and less commonplace and inappropriate than "White Mountains." The Indians called them Waumbek Methna—"peaks with snowy foreheads"—and it is a pity the musical phrase has not been retained, as it has been by one poet :

From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the
lake that never fails
Falls the Saco in the emerald lap of Conway's
intervals.

The members of a surveying party, which in 1820 gave the peaks their present appellations—Washington, Adams, Madison, Webster, Clay, and the rest—were commendably patriotic in intention, but lamentably deficient in taste. What have these primeval hills to do with eminent Democrats, Federalists, and Whigs? Far more appropriate would it have been had they borne the names of chieftains of the tribes that camped upon their slopes centuries before the Genoese adventurer first saw American soil. As it is, the only mountain so titled is Chocorua—flattened to "Corway" by Yankees of the district—which commemorates one of the last Algonquin rulers, slain, so legend says, in a tragic feud with a settler whose wife and sons he had murdered.

ECHO LAKE.

In one respect the White Mountains suffer by comparison with the Adirondack hills and the Maine woods—they are almost devoid of lakes. Echo Lake, in the Franconia Notch, is the only sheet of water that lies close beneath their summits. Small as it is, this "little tarn rimmed by the undisturbed wilderness" is a gem of natural beauty. Above it is the noble steep of Eagle Cliff, one of the most imposing precipices of the region ; and beyond this rises the lofty crest of Mount Lafayette. There could scarcely be a more poetic spot for a sail or paddle in the evening light, to hear the "horns of elfland, faintly blowing," that come from the mountain walls at the sound of the voice or of a bugle, or the thunders aroused by the discharge of a cannon. The echoes are repeated again and

again by the rocky amphitheater, and roll
up toward Lafayette,

Till high upon his misty side
Languished the mournful notes, and died.
For never sounds by mortal made
Attained his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

A FINAL APOSTROPHE.

"Hail, glorious ridges and princely
peaks!" says the prose poet of this New
Hampshire hill region. "Hail to your

stubborn masonry of tilted strata! Hail to
your shaggy belts of pines, and the arctic
shrubbery of your breasts! Hail to your
black ravines, your savage gorges, channeled
with torrents and gnawed with frosts;
your granite throats scarred with thunder;
your foreheads bare and defiant to all the
batteries of storm! There you stand, the
glory of New England, rooted, massive,
majestic, as in all the years since the first
tired pioneer gazed with awe upon you—as
in all the years since Adam!"



THE BROOK.

WHERE willows stretch in lithe festoons
Their drooping arms down to the stream;
Where elders nod their tufted heads,
And iridescent beetles gleam;
I love to lie and idly dream—
To watch the merry rigadoons
Of water insects on some stone,
And hear the frogs from reedy beds
Croak forth their guttural monotone;
Idly to dream and be alone,
Where flecked with foam,
Past tranquil holes
The brooklet brawls in bubbling falls,
And babbles in the shoals.

The cresses by the swirling rift
Sway with the startled pickerel's rush;
The sandy shallows near the shore,
Where bathes a twittering mottled thrush,
Reflect the overhanging brush.
The crickets their shrill voices lift
To join the locust's rasping glee,
While from the rapid's distant shore
There comes a sound which seems to be
The soul of pure tranquillity.
From icy springs,
Through shady holes,
The brooklet brawls in bubbling falls
And babbles o'er the shoals.

Henry B. Culver.

A DAUGHTER OF ISHMAEL.

THE people of Riverton began to be conscious that a very handsome girl was growing up on the Island. They found this out even before Sam, Bob, or Tige Rell knew it, or their father, old Tom. But the people of Riverton had a better chance to find it out. They looked at Shamir whenever she came in sight, while the Rells seldom regarded it as worth the trouble. She was strong as her Indian pony, and had all she asked for in the way of food and garments; so what need to look at her?

But Red Jim Garrett looked at her one morning, as she stood on the ledge above the river, bare headed, with the sun streaming over her and a shot gun in her hand.

"Where you going?" he called.

"To shoot pa'tridges down in the brake, if the dogs'll ever come on."

"Look here, Shamir, you're getting too big for such gallivanting. 'Twas all right when you were a kid and had nothing else to play at; but you'd better tame down into a woman now, and think about getting a husband to see you go straight."

The girl paid no heed to the words that floated across from where he sat to her perch on the cliff, but continued whistling to her dogs. Red Jim had undertaken to lecture her in this strain several times lately, and she had not even wasted effort in wondering why.

Garrett turned to her father, and asked suddenly, "How old is she?" nodding towards the supple figure now coming up the path with the returning dogs yelping joyously behind her.

Rell shook his head without removing his pipe. Red Jim scornfully turned his back on the old piece of depravity, and put the question to Bob.

"Somewhereabouts nigh fifteen, fore or aft," answered Bob, who had once run away to sea.

The girl stopped near them, flashing her big black eyes disdainfully at both men, but not condescending to make the information more definite.

"Been to school?" continued Garrett.

"Dunno," replied Bob.

Garrett turned to Sam.

"No," said the younger brother.

"Then send her," said Red Jim imperi-

ously. "Everybody goes to school nowadays, you ought to know, even the niggers. I went myself, and a lot of it. Educate her, and I'll take her off your hands—blamed if I don't. I'm not afraid to marry her; she'll make a fine Mrs. Jimmie Junior."

The girl's eyes flared a second blaze into his like the tentative flash above a young volcano's brim, and her lips curled in handsome insolence of defiance. Even the Rells looked at her now; she seemed new to them. But her eyes and lips needed no words to help their scorn, and she passed on with her dogs and gun.

Sam laughed. "'Pears to me you mought be afeard, Garrett. Jest as well go matin' with a catamount. Ain't she a little fury?"

But Bob drawled after him, "Let him alone, Sam. Like hitches onto like. She ain't no strange craft to Red Jim. He's h'isted them same colors on too many seas. Let him have her; their logs'll tally."

Nobody in Riverton could tell how far back the autocracy of the Rells dated, nor had anybody's grandfather handed it down. Before Riverton was, a half wild clan had held strong sway over much of that section of the State. As civilization strode on and claimed more, they had sullenly sunk back on the Island, and here Riverton had found them. Riverton herself was not young now; she had seen generations of Rells grow up and pass away, only to be succeeded by other generations of the same lawless, fearless, unlettered, whisky drinking, and whisky selling race. They seemed to have their use—no good one, but a use. From farther back than one could count, they had held the monopoly of the liquor traffic in Pembersly County. When suddenly Pembersly voted for prohibition, the Rells, after a few final brawls, closed their Riverton bar and their three others, scattered over the county, and, as in case of their homes, so now with their business—they sank back on the Island.

The Island was not in Pembersly County, although it was only five minutes' good rowing from the lower wharf of Riverton. By some strange dispensation of past enactments, it belonged to the county across the river, which was still under an anti prohibition régime. Thus the Island came to

be the seat of all Pembersly's former bars, and riot held it for her stronghold. Great indeed the temerity of the officer who would dare to set official foot on this hereditary demesne of the Rells!

They quietly paid their annual license dues, nobody ever knew why. It was their one tribute to law, and it may be that in very irony they enjoyed giving it, because of the delights of lawlessness which they wrested from it.

Shamir had been at the Academy three years when Carey Benford came to be master. Riverton was scarcely yet accustomed to the novelty of a female Rell in school. But the other students had ceased to drive her into daily volcanic outbursts by staring or remarking on her appearance and manners, and the three years' study had enabled her to take her place in classes with girls of her own age; so her position in the Academy was not wholly anomalous.

Shamir had learned more in this brief period than she could have acquired in a thousand years of mere book conning. She had learned to dress well. She had learned to smile when she chose, with that rare smile like an effulgent sunburst through storm clouds. She had learned that she was more beautiful than even Helen Walker, the belle of Riverton. But she had learned to hate her half savage beauty; for she could read unerringly, after a little, the ugliness of the thought that leaped to the eyes of those who looked on her and knew that she was Shamir Rell.

The girl had never seen a Bible until she attended the Academy. The daily scriptural lesson read and expounded by the senior professor, whom she liked and listened to, was always fascinating to her. She went to it with an eagerness amusing to her classmates, who belonged to a civilization and a generation fast growing blasé on Holy Writ. But one half hour in that sunny, peaceful room of Professor Ormsby's could never be forgotten by the Island child. He was giving the class the picturesque pathos of Hagar's story, and he outlined the stormy future of her race. Shamir was sitting in the front line, as she usually did in his classes. In her intentness of listening, she was leaning forward, bringing her face to the view of the entire room. He had reached the climax of the story, when suddenly the girl knew her kindred. Her lips almost formed the words, "*We are Ishmaelites!*" and surge after surge of hot blood swept from cheek to brow. She felt—unwarrantably, however—that every eye was on her, and she longed

either to slip through the floor, or to stand erect in her place and defy them all in one tempestuous outburst.

The remainder of the reading was a blank to her, so far as seeing and hearing went. She sat there with drawn brows, clenched hands, and set teeth, feeling the blood surges drowning her, and a fierce madness of universal hatred tearing her heart.

Carey Benford instituted a stricter régime than Riverton Academy had known; idle students soon found themselves in trouble, and dull ones in despair. His new methods and exacting thoroughness brought no disaster to Shamir at first, for she scorned indifferent lessons. But she was obviously so accustomed to following her own untutored will that Benford saw rocks ahead, and kept an eye clear for them.

The inevitable conflict was not long in coming. The class in English composition had followed its own deviating line with the preceding master, each girl coming up with an "essay" when it was easy for her to write one, but usually claiming lack of inspiration when the task was difficult. Shamir had seldom sought the cover of this excuse in her rare failures, but had frankly owned that she had not tried. The smooth going professor, a dilettante himself, who guided his own erratic literary work by the inspirational theory, had invariably let the matter pass thus, assigning an easier theme next time. But with Benford, failure—his own or that of another accountable to him—was not easy. It must be paid for in retrieval.

The class in English composition found this out, one day, when five of their number came up with missing exercises. He quietly assigned another half hour in which the delinquents must prepare these papers under his eye. Shamir was among these delinquents, for no other reason but that she had not been taught to rank this task equally with her serious school duties, and when any other pressing lesson, or an insistent emotion, crowded out something from the week's work, the something crowded out was always her composition. Just now it was not a pressing task, but an insistent emotion that pushed aside the writing; and when the time for writing the required essay arrived, she was yet more busy with her tempestuous thoughts.

She vaguely heard, without comprehending, when Benford formally stated that each young lady must write, during the half hour, a composition of certain length upon the subject assigned; or, that being impossible, upon a subject of her own

choosing. Failing these conditions, she must remain to a detention class after school hours. In the quiet that followed, while the four other students were busy with pens and paper, Shamir sat in her corner by the window, looking across the river. Her brows were drawn down, and her eyes fastened darkly upon a patch of green glistening in the midst of the dull waters. The emerald patch represented the vivid canebrakes of Rell's Island, and a boat was shooting shuttle-like from Riverton wharf in the direction of the brown path that lay just beyond them. It was too far to distinguish the occupants of the boat, but one of them must be Red Jim Garrett; it was his hour for an afternoon visit to Rell's.

Shamir Rell felt intensely, at the moment, that she, a daughter of the house of Ishmael, was a natural part of that scene and its free savagery. But here—the limitations galled perpetually, and might drive her headlong into untold wickedness at any hour or day. How could she answer for her fierce blood if things went on from bad to worse like this?

Isabel Crawford had been kind, and Shamir had come to love her as she had not known that her wild heart could love anything. In the three years of her contact with civilization, she had passed through all the phases of hating, scorning, envying, and defying her fellow students, who stared at her, mocked at her, or drew back from her with the quiet reserve which cuts class lines most deeply. A few had tried to be patronizingly kind, and yet a few others had made advances in different spirit, since her abundant spending money could furnish frequent treats. But lately there had come a difference; and in a growing happiness the girl had felt her spirit unfolding strange new petals of beauty and affection. What if, after all, she were not fated to be forever outlawned in heart, child of the wilderness, passing from the keeping of a father and brothers whose hands were perpetually raised against the hands of the world, to that of a husband of like stamp, though possessed of greater wealth and of a name that had once been an honored one? What if she were yet destined to be blessed with the beautiful, undying friendship of one of her own sex, and through this friendship perhaps come to know other sweet human feelings?

Isabel Crawford had been drawn to Shamir at first, probably, by the strong spell of her physical grace, and then by her high courage and her scorn of meanness. The fascination grew upon the slighter nature, and

the other took it for love and responded to it by lavishing all the treasure of unused affection in her ardent soul. Their school-mates recognized the bond between the two, and other looks toward Shamir changed; for the Crawfords were the social arbiters of Riverton.

All might have been well still had not Isabel persuaded her mother to invite Shamir to spend a few days' holiday with her. Shamir accepted with trembling gladness, and went, gentle and dove-like in the new joy of friendship. Allan Crawford, recently back from college, dined at the hotel the first day that Isabel's guest was in their home. He would not wound Isabel by telling her why he stayed away, nor was he afraid to let a school girl friendship run through its ephemeral existence. But he could not bring himself to sit down to dinner with the daughter of a Rell.

Next day he breakfasted late, and, learning that the girls were out for an early drive, came down to smoke a peaceful cigar in the library before going to business. He was fairly in the room before he saw her—the most beautiful creature he had ever looked on, he thought—the sister of depraved Tige Rell! Her great eyes were lustrous with gladness, the savage in them asleep; the unrivaled carmine of her cheeks and lips was deepened by the morning air; tender little curls were blown about her face from the shining mass of black hair crowning her fine head. Too amazed to retreat, he might have stood there in awkward silence until she left the room, if Isabel had not rescued him by entering opportunely and performing the necessary introduction.

From that hour Allan was madly infatuated, and Shamir's fresh trouble began; for Isabel grew colder as her brother grew ardent. Shamir would gladly have decreed that young Crawford should never come into her presence again, if that would have saved the friendship. He never was anything to her except the brother of one who had called out the first worship of her life. But the shaft had already penetrated deeply, and the mutual affection of the two girls was dead.

On the day that Benford detained her to write an essay, Shamir was in an agony of mental suffering. While the others wrote, she sat, tense and moveless, by the window, living over the pain and shame of the past few weeks.

Only the morning before, she had come into school vexed and flushed because Allan Crawford had insisted on joining her in the street and walking with her to the Acad-

emy. When she entered, the bell had not sounded for study, and the older girls were gathered about a window of the senior hall. As she laid her books on her desk, a classmate made some teasing allusion to "Shamir's beau," and Isabel Crawford haughtily left the room. Letitia Levert, whose brother had shadowed Shamir's path many an afternoon, rebuked the would-be tease, and added, with coarse insolence, "Fortunately our brothers don't wish to marry every common creature they run after, even when she is vulgarly good looking and buxom." Fierce and instant warfare might have ensued had not bell tap, at that very minute, dispersed the students.

Not a waking moment of the thirty six hours since that coarse speech was uttered had the words of it, or the thoughts of it, been out of Shamir's mind. They drove her mad with bitterness and hatred, and she dashed stormily from one wild resolve to another. First, she would marry Allan Crawford, and, secure in the social position he could give his wife, despite any coldness of his family, she would defy them all. Again, she would laugh to scorn the base insinuations of Letitia Levert, and prove their hollowness by marrying her brother René. She knew that at but a word from her, young Levert would only too gladly bring a minister and a license to Rell's Island the next morning. But no! A fiercer nerve was touched, and she vowed revenge of a different sort. She would not stoop to marriage ties with any of blood that hated and scorned hers. She would only lure them on to moral and physical destruction, and let their haughty mothers and sisters reap a goodly harvest of anguish for their pride and their distrust.

Beaten back from this hideous determination, too, by some spiritual lash in her own nature, she wearily wondered what else was left. There was nothing but to go back to the Island, marry Red Jim, and join warring hands with him and her brothers against Riverton, Pembroys, and the world.

Still in the vortex of such whirling and chaotic thought, she did not hear the bell tap, nor notice that the other four students had passed in their compositions to the young master, and been dismissed to another department. She was only aroused by Benford's voice, as he stood at her side requiring her paper.

"I have written nothing," she said, looking up at him with defiance of the world and its every law darkening her eyes like a tempest cloud, while splotches of dull, sumac red stained her cheeks.

He stood in silence. She was the handsomest feminine thing he had ever seen; and, for all his young austerity, his heart was not an iron ribbed fortress. But yielding was no easier for him than for her.

"Then, Miss Rell, you will form a detention class of one, and remain after hours to write your paper."

"I shall not do it," she burst out tumultuously. "I am going to the Island. Nothing could make me remain another minute in this place. I loathe it!"

She started toward the doorway, but Benford forestalled her intention by taking his stand in it. She stamped her foot, and stood there facing him like some sinewy creature of the forest, brought to bay. His lips set in a resolute line, but for a moment he said nothing. Then, taking out his watch and regarding it earnestly, he broke the silence with his measured tones:

"It is four o'clock, the hour for dismissal. You will please be seated at a desk and write your exercise. As soon as you have finished, I shall be glad to excuse you."

With this he left the room. She was on the threshold ready to follow when she reflected what a scene it would make before the mocking students if Benford should stop her at the foot of the staircase, the one means of egress. She remembered the firm line of his lips, and a little steely gleam that she had seen flash out from his eyes sometimes. She was not afraid of him nor of the scene; but she was unwilling to afford her schoolmates the pleasing entertainment they would derive from such an exhibition. She would wait until they were gone.

Pacing the floor like a youthful tigress in first durance, she thought with anger and hatred of those who were going out from the halls below—creatures like herself in physical strength and youth and comeliness, but born under no wilderness brand, open to all gentle sentiments, friendship and love, compassion, happiness, sympathy, free comradeship with one another. Then her anger passed to Benford. How dared he keep her here in an atmosphere that stifled her? Coward that he was to contend with a girl!

Her anger became contempt, and, as she had wearied her body, she sat down again by the window, busied with ironical thoughts of the master. She had paid little heed to his qualities, physical or otherwise, during the few weeks of his rule, because she had been tensely occupied with painful emotions, and he had seemed to her only a piece of mechanism created to sit in a tall chair and ask questions on her daily lessons.

But now she recalled that he was rather small, and her lips curled in disdainful amusement to think how easily one of her great brothers or Red Jim Garrett could pick him up and drop him out of the window. She had never regarded men as a high order of creation, and she did not know many of their essential virtues; but one certainly was that they should be big and tall and strong limbed enough never to be afraid.

"He's only big enough to keep a girl in prison," she said scornfully, aloud. "Why, even Allan Crawford must be inches taller than he!"

She made note, in a sarcastic mental memorandum, of the nameless colorlessness of his hair and complexion, his thin and unmustached upper lip, and the repellent austerity of his square chin and stern jaw. She admitted, with resentment, a certain attraction in his clear gray eyes and honest brow, but passed quickly from this thought to another, which entertained her wonderfully. Catching up pen and paper, she hurried into a humorous lampoon, which she headed, "The Dominie of Riverton." She touched off all Benford's characteristics that she knew, sparing no little peculiarities in gesture, attitude, slight pendency of speech, or other school room mannerism. It surprised her to find that she knew him so well when she had thought of him so little. When it was done to her satisfaction, she folded it and laid it conspicuously upon his desk, with only the superscription, "Shamir Rell's Composition."

Going to the staircase to listen, she could hear no sounds from below. It must be nearly five o'clock, and every student gone long ago. Why did he not come and say that she, too, could be excused? He was waiting—was he?—for her to come down humbly and say that her exercise was written, and might she go?

She began to cast about for some means of escape from such humiliation, and crossed to a window overlooking a retired part of the grounds. With the accurate eye of a barbarian, she measured the distance from the broad ledge without to a strong branch of the Spanish oak that towered beside it. Certainly she could do it, and without peril.

Resolution was scarcely speedier than action, and in a few moments the supple young animal was swinging herself from limb to limb of the oak, reaching the ground breathless, scratched, disheveled as to hair and attire, but exultant and ready

to make good her flight across the campus to the girls' dormitories near by.

* * * *

It was Saturday of another week, and all was quiet and unstirring on the Riverton side of Rell's Island. No habitué ever so far forgot the significance of certain Saturdays in each season as to halloo for a ferryman between five o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, or even to row himself over, during those hours, in one of the numerous canoes that facilitated transportation across the river. In the minds of some law revering citizens of Pembroly and the adjoining counties, there existed a profound suspicion, moderately substantiated, that on these particular days, when quiet brooded over the Riverton front of the Island, "something was going on at the back stoop." It was an easy drop for the Friday night barges from the moonshining districts in the northern counties down to Rell's southeastern landing, and there was a tranquil and secret harbor for them in Canebrake Cove until Saturday night's friendly shadows invited them homeward. If the Rells must put a tariff on their drinks, on the one hand, because of that annual license, yet, on the other, who among their patrons could object to having the account balanced by buying chiefly spirits unsponsored by revenue officials?

Shamir had not returned to school since the tumultuous day which ended in her flight. She was suddenly resolved to put herself no more where insults such as Letitia's might sweep her suddenly into wild revenge. She knew how slender was her anchor chain, and she would not strain it to the danger point again, she told herself. Her anger against Benford had cooled until she could have laughed over it if other bitter things had let her laugh.

Her brother Sam came up the path from Canebrake Cove early on Saturday morning, and surlily called to Bob, who was lying in lazy ease, stretched in the sunshine behind some shrubs on the ledge overlooking the landing. Bob lifted his head.

"What's a'loey?"

"Oh, Tige's jagged at the wrong time, you know. He's rolled over, an' we're 'bleeged to have another hand in liftin' the kaigs. You come erlong an' le's trust Shamir to keep the landin' clean and rake the river if anybody's contrary."

Bob came up, gave her the shot gun, and with some final directions to their sister, the brothers betook themselves to the Cove. For an hour she was left alone with her un-serene thoughts, until she began to grow

drowsy, crouching there in the indolent spring sunshine. She settled herself into an easier posture, and perhaps was more than half asleep when the dip of an oar close at hand aroused her. Cautiously lifting her head, she peered through the shrubs. Carey Benford was rowing swiftly to the foot of the cliff. What could it mean? She felt instinctively that he was not coming for whisky; could it be on revenue investigation, then? Startled and wondering, she allowed his boat to touch the pebbles of the landing before she was mistress of herself again.

Benford sprang from the boat, dropped the chain, and started up the brown path, his heart beating quicker with eager expectation. At least he would see her again!

"Halt!" rang sharply from the ledge, as he was half way up the ascent. He looked up to find a shot gun's tube pointed straight at his head, and in very unpleasant proximity. But his nerves were not bad, and he looked beyond the gun's barrel into a pair of fine and flashing dark eyes.

"Your welcome, Miss Rell, is not wholly expected," he observed, with some natural asperity in his tones and glance.

"What do you want here?" she asked, keeping her aim true.

"Does every visitor of yours go through a hostile catechism under a battery like this?" he returned, unable not to think more of her eyes than of the shot gun.

"I have no visitors," she retorted. "And if you come for whisky, it is an off day. But if you come for any sort of spying, I beg you to push your boat out quickly and be off up the river at once."

He flushed angrily, affronted by either supposition; but as he comprehended the entire situation, his eyes softened, and he bent them tenderly on the girl's face.

"Put up your gun, Shamir. I shall go, merely because you wish it—for no other reason whatever. But I come neither for whisky nor spying. I am here solely to see you; to find out why you have not been at school, and to tell you how angry I am with myself whenever I think of the hazards of your escape by the window ledge. Yes—and also to return your sketch of 'The Dominie of Riverton'; it is quite too clever for any corrections."

He touched his hat respectfully to Shamir and the shot gun, and handed up her paper, which she took in silence. He turned back to his boat, but paused before pushing off.

"Will you not come back next week, Shamir?"

"No," she answered hotly; "I shall never

come back. I hate everything there. But I hate everything here, too. Yet there—I shall do something terrible; they will drive me to it. Do not ask me to come back. It was not the composition. I am out of place in Riverton. I belong to the wilderness."

Another keen moment of insight came to him, and in a sweeping retrospect he saw what she must have suffered.

"I understand it now," he said, after a solemn space of silence. "Yet I do still ask you to return to school. I want you back for your sake and my own. You are too brave to be vanquished by any evil."

"Go," she cried tempestuously. "I do not care to have you talk to me of that—or anything. Go!"

Once more lifting his hat to her—this time with reverence—he pushed off from shore and sped away over the sunlit waters. His thoughts were in a whirl, but always uppermost was this: "My Shamir, my rose of the wilderness! The name they gave her is a thorn; but she is the sweetest thorn that ever pierced the heart of a man—sweetest and sharpest. I will not yield; I will transplant my thorn, and she shall blossom into the fairest flower of the world."

At roll call on Monday, Miss Rell quietly answered to her name with "Present. Week's absence: unavoidable," and resumed her school tasks as if no hiatus had occurred. But she no longer lodged at the Academy dormitories, having arranged to return to the Island every afternoon and cross each morning. Thus she was more isolated from her fellow students and the townspeople than before, a condition she had resolved on. She filled more of her hours with books, and called herself happier, trying to forget that a growing restlessness was upon her.

The spring days seemed to loiter, but were suddenly gone, and full summer brooded over the town and slept upon the languid river. The school session would close in one week, and Shamir could not perpetually fight down the painful thought of what would probably come next for her. Red Jim had announced, as he sat one sleepy afternoon among her brothers, when she joined the group momentarily to speak of some detail of domestic arrangement:

"Schooling's good, but she's had enough. Stop it when this is over, and get her ready to marry me. My cousin Black Jim's got fine heirs growing up around him, and it don't overjoy me to see that branch of our family flourishing so much above mine. I'll marry her when the July fishing's done."

"No, you will not," she broke in, with the old time scornful flash of eye and lifting of dimpling chin. But her heart stirred with the old dread, too, lest after all there was nothing else for her.

"Women folks' lips wuz made fur *no*, warn't they, Jim?" drawled Sam, and the girl left the room amid the laughter that followed.

It was only a day or two later that Carey Benford was walking with her again down the path that led to her own little boat, moored separately among the rushes. She had never let him row her over to the Island, but the walk she could scarcely deny him. He was talking with animation now, watching thirstily, meanwhile, for her rare smile. How beautiful beyond words she was, in his eyes! Through his talk of books, vagrant thoughts kept claiming half his mind, and he found himself wondering how she would look if he should suddenly ask her why she had sent Allan Crawford away with a breaking heart, or why young Levert was haughtily denied access to her presence. What lay behind the new rumor of her engagement to Red Jim Garrett? Would she hear indifferently, or would she look up with sweet regret in her eyes, if he should tell her today that he had accepted the chair of mathematics in a distant university, and would scarcely see Riverton again after the holidays?

She seemed deliciously subdued and gentle today; and, as he looked more and more often at her face, his talk of writers died, and softer words were near his lips. They had reached a turn in the path, but a brief distance from her boat's tiny harbor, when Red Jim Garrett stepped out from the shadows of the trees, and covered Benford with his rifle.

Shamir was too much accustomed to weapons, and even to bloodshed, to cry out or make any womanly demonstration. She stood still, and glanced keenly at the two men. Used to crises, she yet was able to recognize that this was a supreme one in her own existence. For one leaping heart beat she seemed to read, in a flashing but far reaching vision, how different a meaning life might hold for her if Carey were a man of action instead of merely a man of books. But Garrett was saying,

"You meekity vender of grammar and arithmetic learning, trot! Turn quick and trot back up that path without any Lot's wife performance. I've had something over and above enough of your walking down to this river with my girl, and you'll be securer on the wholeness of your hide if you

keep your shadow a long and safe remove away from her path and mine, too, in the future. Face about and trot, I say!"

"I shall do no such thing," said Benford, with a steely blaze lighted in his clear gray eyes. "I shall not stir from this spot until I hear from Miss Rell herself as to the soundness of your claim upon her. But this much I will concede to you: if it had been possible for me to believe one instant that she was pledged to you, I should not even have desired to walk with her."

The irony was lost on Garrett, but not on her. Yet she stood there moveless, in varying anger, but with a growing amazement.

"Why don't you speak, girl, and tell the puppy that you've been promised to me nigh four years?" Red Jim asked sharply.

She looked at him with a steady scorn in her eyes; but she seemed a new creature, for she spoke calmly, with no fiery wrath hurtling out ill weighed words.

"Promised to you by whom, Jim Garrett? Have you ever had one word from me that could be twisted into a pledge?"

"You always knew that I took your nays for yeas. Ain't Bob and Sam and Tige owned to the engagement all the time, and been no end proud of it? What else do you suppose they educated you for? Did any of your female folks ever have schooling before? No; and you've got sense to know you'd have had none if I hadn't ordered it, and stood straight promising to marry you if they'd spend enough money on you to make a Rell fit for a Garrett that warn't quite up to mark. End your fooling, Shamir; it won't help this milksop, and it'll be the worse for you."

Combating the intense defiance in her eyes, the usually wary marksman forgot for one moment his rifle's aim. With a well measured leap, Benford threw himself on the other's breast, and they grappled.

Garrett lost in trying to keep his hold on the gun; for he judged, in a flash, that the schoolmaster thought to wrest this from him, catching him off guard. It could not occur to him that a light weight such as Benford would deliberately fling himself into a close combat with as powerful a man as himself, without trusting to weapons. Therefore, he grasped his rifle tightly, and watched for the knife which he expected his antagonist to attempt to draw.

But the collegian had tactics unknown to Red Jim's brawny strength. Straining yet more fiercely, the two rolled together. That he had kept the record of first boxer and wrestler in his class for four years, counted for Benford, until they were

down in the dust together; but here, alas! Garrett's ponderous frame and powerful muscles regained for him what he had lost in the outset, and soon he was able to hurl Carey from his chest and throw himself across the prostrate young fellow.

It was plain that there could be only one issue to the fight now, and Shamir sprang forward to snatch Red Jim's gun. But even on the Island there was a code of honor—"One and one, and the best man whips"—and she could not bring herself to touch the weapon. She moved back a pace or two, hands clenched, eyes blazing, breast heaving, but not a sound crossing her lips.

With Benford in his power, Garrett relaxed a little to catch his breath. Fifteen years of steady imbibing, and many new layers of flesh, had not tended to make him longer winded. Benford suddenly made a feint of seizing the rifle, employing his left hand, whereupon Red Jim, in fresh alarm, grasped it with both his. His seemingly vanquished foe snatched at the opportunity, used a wrestler's dodge, with right hand and foot, and unbalanced the heavy weight. After an intense struggle of a few seconds he had Garrett down, and clutched his throat in a choking grasp.

When the ruffian finally ceased to resist, Benford wrenched the gun from his hand and arose. Breathless himself, and staggering with the faintness of fatigue, he dropped upon a fallen pine trunk, yet watching alertly the great figure lying there, repulsive with dirt and blood. He was ruefully conscious, even through his exhaustion and dizziness, that he himself must make little better appearance—and before the eyes of the one woman in the world!

Red Jim arose to a sitting posture, and Benford to his feet. With his eyes on the desperado, the latter fired the gun into mid air. When the smoke had slowly cleared, he said,

"Now, tell me, straight and square like a man, Mr. Garrett, if this issue is settled between us."

"Yes," answered Garrett doggedly, getting up and reaching for the rifle, which Carey extended to him. Taking it, he left the two where he had halted them nearly an hour before.

The schoolmaster, still a little dazed from exhaustion, again sat down on the pine log, and watched the burly figure retreating through the woodland shadows. Shamir had still spoken no word; but she ran down to a spring close at hand, and brought him her wet handkerchief and a gourdful of water. Then she broke her long silence.

"I must go now; they will be looking for my boat and me."

"Not yet, Shamir," said the young man. "Listen to me a little. I was about to tell you, when he interrupted us, that I love you and want you for my wife."

"No, no, no," she cried. "You forget who I am."

"I forget nothing," he returned; "but I am not afraid to remember."

"See," she went on, in fierce shame, still retreating from him, while the surges of hot blood swept up to her temples, "see what a little of my love has brought you to already. How, then, if you had it all?"

"Do you think," he broke in warmly, "that I am so pusillanimous as to be driven from you by any dread, or doubt, or fear? How if I had it all, you say? I must have it all, and all in all, my darling. I will take nothing else; and nothing but good shall come from it. I want you, my thorn rose! Come to me! I want you to blossom in my heart forever, and make glad all its desert places."

She shook her head still, but he would not have it so. He drew her to him and lifted her face to his ardent gaze, reading in her beautiful eyes that the savage was dead, with all the bitter shame and hate of the wilderness, but that a new Shamir was born into love and happiness and sweet human ties.

* * * *

A wedding at Rell's! Strangest of all strange things that the fair Southern sun had looked upon among the cliffs and canebrakes—the wedding of a beautiful, noble, and loving hearted woman to a man worthy of such a bride—on Rell's Island!

Shamir's bridal day dawned, fair and calm, in rose and pearl, sapphire and turquoise; a flawless day in a flawless month, June. She would be married on the Island, she said, and Benford was well pleased to take her literally from the wilderness to his heart. Before noon they would be on their northeastward journey; soon, in a new atmosphere, she should have nothing to remember but the sacredness and joy of their home nest and their love.

His deep eyes shining with the inward glory of dreams like this, Carey walked rapidly across the campus, in the early morning, to the deserted Academy, purposing to bring away a book he had left there at school close, a week before.

Meantime, over on the Island, Shamir, glad, too, with happy visions, had gone for a farewell walk down to her old jungle haunts by the Cove. She came back with

deepened color, and lustrous splendors in her great eyes. Finding the time short, she hastened to dress herself in a simple gray gown, whose nun-like severity only emphasized the majesty of her head and throat, while relieving the vivid warmth of her coloring; but she caught a red rose in her hair, and a cluster of them at her belt, as he had asked.

"Red roses bring misfortune to a bride," something seemed to whisper unexpectedly to her. She laughed away the sentiment as she recalled the foolish school girl story it belonged to; and the joy in her eyes grew more intense while she whispered to her heart that as her past had been all pain so should her future be all gladness. She sat down by an upper window to watch for his boat, when the last touch had been put to her attire. One came, and another, and another, but not his yet.

When half an hour had gone, she found a strange oppression creeping about her heart. Yet another boat still shot out from the pier, and she leaned far out to see, sure that this was his. Nearer, nearer, it came, and she began to distinguish the figures in it. She flushed rose red, as brides can but do; for she recognized the black coated, white cravatted minister. Carey must be just behind; something had detained him. She would go down and welcome the reverend man, for no one else on the Island would know how to receive him.

She was dazed when the clock struck eleven and no bridegroom had come. Ten was the hour for the ceremony. She left the minister sitting alone, staring uncomfortably first at floor, then ceiling; and she crept back to her little room, again straining her eyes, through minutes eternity long, across the glistening waters, at every stirring thing on the Riverton side. Bob called her below, and she hurried down. Red Jim was waiting in the entry, and her brother slipped away.

"Shamir," said Garrett, looking redder, more hairy, and more furtive eyed than ever, "I've just come, and found that the puppy's fooled you, as we all thought he would. But I'm willing to marry you yet. Don't let that blamed preacher go back and set the town talk and winks a-going; for Riverton's said all along there wouldn't be no wedding on Rell's Island. Keep him here thirty minutes, and I'll be back with the license."

But he cowered this time before the flames that leaped from her eyes, and, muttering some evil, left her there.

At twelve o'clock, Sam Rell, in ominous

silence, rowed the minister back to Riverton. Near the landing, they met a boat starting over to the Island, and a wild eyed boy in it was carrying to Shamir the news that Benford's body had been found in the deserted schoolhouse; a pool of blood was beside it, and a dark wound in his chest showed where an assassin's bullet had done its ghastly work.

Blank ages seemed to roll over Shamir, as she lay in her lonely room, rigid, un-sentient, but for one burning spot where all her blood appeared to be hurrying, in a molten vortex, to pour into her heart. It was dawn of another day when something impelled her to arise and stagger to the casement. Crouching there, she heard voices floating upward, but was too benumbed for any meaning to write itself on her brain at first.

"They've cut the bullet out, an' they're after his gun now. Ef it fits—"

She quivered with life again, and bent her ear for the drawling words with which Bob interrupted the speaker:

"Ef it was molded to fit, I reckon Red Jim an' his rifle'll be tackin' fur furrin ports afore the sun's well up. Canebrake Cove's a fine harbor to start f'um."

Through the darkness of her room, the rayonnant lights palpitated from her eyes once more; such lights as the tropical traveler shudders to find gleaming at him across jungly bamboo and cactus. Alive now, she sprang up, glided down the stairs without a sound, caught something from the rack, and, still wearing her bridal dress, gray like dawn, she slipped out and was merged in the morning mists.

But the Fates occasionally pause with shears half closed over the fatal thread.

Some one at the landing was hallooing excitedly as the girl started with swift stealth down the Cove path. She hesitated, then turned and advanced towards the cliff.

"What is it?" she called.

A voice swept upward to her, and the first glad light of morning seemed to cut through the mist at the same moment:

"I've come for Miss Rell. Carey Benford has revived since the surgeon's operation, and is begging to see her."

* * * *

After all, Riverton, and not the Island, had the wedding. But Shamir was too happy even to remember her earlier thoughts. Thenceforth the wilderness was to be nothing more than a vague memory to her, as of another existence; she was to learn the consecrated meaning of home loves and hearthstone ties.

Leonora Beck.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA IN RETROSPECT AND IN PROSPECT.

This year's supplementary opera season at the Metropolitan was a success, notwithstanding the warm weather and the absence of many opera goers from New York. Two striking events were a great night upon which Calvé sang "Carmen" in a manner which surpassed anything she had before given us, and the presentation of a truly magnificent diamond tiara to Mme. Nordica.

Every year this last singer gains new favor with American audiences. It may be mentioned incidentally that we hear no more of her engagement to Zoltan Doehme, the Hungarian tenor. It seems that the marriage, which has been so many times announced, is finally off entirely.

It is said that next season the supplementary season will be given up, and its place taken by a company of German singers, under Pollini of the Stadt Theater in Hamburg. Some of Abbey & Grau's artists may be engaged with these, but more probably not. But as the singers who came over to sing in German opera this year have been allowed to go, it being found that performances in German were not pleasing to the general opera goer, Director Pollini might do well to think twice before engaging Van Dyck to come at two thousand dollars a night.

Walter Damrosch lost money, but it was chiefly in the South. He thinks that his company may do better next year; but it will probably take another decade to educate the Americans of the South and West to care for Wagner—at least in paying quantities. Mr. Damrosch has been trying to obtain guarantees from some of the Western cities. St. Louis is said to have responded with eight thousand dollars, although the company lost heavily there last winter.

We shall again have Mancinelli as a conductor next season. It was a serious disappointment to his many friends and admirers here that he did not come back this season, and he was no less missed by the managers. But as a composer, he has no reason to regret his season's retirement. The success of his opera, for which Boito supplied the libretto, is practically assured, although Albani was cast for its first performance in Norwici. Later, at Covent Garden, it will be in the hands of Melba and the de Reszkes, and its full beauties will be discovered.

The subject is "Hero and Leander," and we have a right to expect a poem from that ambitionless man of talent, Arrigo Boito. He seems to care more for assisting at other men's triumphs than for creating works of his own. Without him, Verdi's genius would never have reached its full development in later years. "Otello" and "Falstaff" are great in their

librettos as in their scores. In his verse, and also in his own music, Boito shows the dreaminess of the North and the passion of the South, and a wide culture.

It is becoming more and more difficult to understand why Albani should be cast for any important rôle; for her voice is a thing of the past. Her career is a continual reminder that a reputation will carry a singer through many failures. It appears to give her a momentum which cannot be checked until a new generation of hearers comes upon the scene. Can it be that after all we have no genuine ear for music, and take the opinions of critics, who grow so fond of a signer whose reputation they have once helped to make that they will never destroy what they have created?

EAMES' STAR IN THE ASCENDANT.

It is probable that Mme. Eames will be able to do a little dictating upon her own account next year, so notably has she heightened her reputation in Europe. At one time it was rumored that she would not come back here unless she possessed the exclusive right to certain rôles. This was not true, but she did stipulate that such a right should be given to no one else. *Juliet*, *Elsa*, and *Marguerite* are the rôles in which Mme. Eames has made her great successes. If she is to see these the property of other singers, she is at once placed in a second rate position.

Her independent stand last winter was abundantly rewarded. She was one of the few prima donnas of her rank whom Abbey & Grau and Damrosch left on the other side. The field was before her, and she reaped not only a golden harvest, but such prestige as would have been impossible under existing conditions in America. She has realized her powers.

LEONCAVALLO'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

The success of Leoncavallo's "Thomas Chatterton," produced in Rome a few weeks ago, recalls the early history of the opera. Leoncavallo is popularly known by his two act opera, "I Pagliacci," but "Thomas Chatterton" was written long years before the conception of the showman stabbing his wife in earnest as the climax of a play had come to him. It was the young man's first work, and, as is usually the case, it proved almost impossible to find a manager who would produce it. At last he paid a man three thousand francs to bring it out, with the result that he never saw money or manager again. Finally, poverty and stress of circumstances compelled him to sell it for about sixty dollars; but after fame had come to him, he was able to find it again, revise it, and put it properly upon the stage. It is full of a dramatic interest which is amazing when we realize the youth of its author.

Ieoncavallo, like Boito, is a man of letters as well as a musician, writing all of his own librettos, and these are usually a trifle more original than his music, which is as full of plagiarisms as of cleverness.

AT THE SHRINE OF WAGNER.

The lovers of Wagner who go to Bayreuth this season will see produced there, for the first time in twenty years, "Der Ring der Nibelungen." The opera was given at the opening of the Bayreuth festivals, but it was found necessary, shortly afterwards, to sell the scenery and costumes to pay expenses.

There are no great singers promised at the festival this year. Frau Wagner appears to consider that the name of Bayreuth, and the management of herself and her son, are a sufficient guarantee that the performances will be artistic. For the scenery and accessories, however, she has gone to a good deal of expense. The horses in the "Walküre" are to be shod with rubber and trained to make some sort of showing. It is said that Frau Wagner thought of having the warlike sisters pictured from a magic lantern, to get a realistic rendering of their appearance from the sky.

Jean de Reszke was expected to sing *Tristan* at Bayreuth this season. It is said that it was one of his ambitions to do so, and that he learned German for this special purpose, but now we are informed that Frau Wagner has not invited him.

GOLDMARK'S "CRICKET."

Goldmark's last opera has for its libretto a free version of Charles Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth." It will seem to England and America something like "Hamlet" minus the *Prince of Denmark*, for *Caleb Plummer* has been left out. The whole story has been radically changed, and to our ideas there seems nothing suitable for an opera in it; but Goldmark has made for it a score which requires as much orchestration as one of the Nibelungen dramas. The libretto is uninteresting and weak, but the music is a different story altogether. There is not one *motif* which is not fresh, original, full of life. It comes at a time when few even passably good scores are being written, and its value is great to the musical world.

THE ECLIPSE OF A NEW STAR.

Mascagni has brought forth another failure. They built those triumphal arches in his native town a little prematurely. Up to this time "Cavalleria Rusticana" is his only worthy work, and the critics of a bygone day, those who did not "discover" him, are crying "I told you so!"

His new opera, "Zanetto," is founded upon Coppée's "Le Passant." It is said to be fairly creditable musically, but exceedingly slight. There is only one noteworthy scene—one that takes place between the soprano and the mezzo soprano, the latter of whom assumes a masculine rôle.

But Mascagni had the triumphs of a lifetime compressed into a few years.

"HANSEL UND GRETTEL."

When Humperdinck in "Hansel und Gretel" applied the methods of Wagner to a familiar old *Hausmärchen*, he could not have anticipated that it would make the best record as a popular piece which any German opera has ever enjoyed. The opera ran a hundred times in Berlin in eighteen months. In September, 1894, the opera was produced fourteen times in the empire; in the following December, 248 times; and it has been given nearly two thousand times in the past year. In Russia they are going wild over it, three theaters in Moscow producing it at one time.

Here in America it was regarded as rather childish—a sort of fairy play. It was not very well produced, no singers of any note taking part in it; and managers are beginning to learn that in nine cases out of ten it is the singer and not the opera that is the listener's first thought.

A FAIRY TALE WITHOUT WORDS.

Vienna has produced a child prodigy of whom a story is told which is so good that it is to be hoped her fame does not die down and leave it out of the biographies.

She is a pianist named Paula Szalit. Johannes Brahms has taken her as a protégée, and spends hours with her. The child is hardly more than an infant, and the other day the famous musician took her on his knee and told her a quaint old fairy tale. She looked at him with curious eyes as he unfolded the story, and when it was ended still sat staring at him.

"Do you understand it?" he asked.

She slipped down, went to the piano stool, and began to let her baby hands wander over the keys. She was repeating it. When she had finished, Brahms stood with his eyes filled with tears.

FOR STUDENTS OF CHOPIN.

An interesting book for music students is the English edition of Jean Kleczynski's studies of Chopin. These have been translated and added to by Natalie Janotha, who first delivered them as a course of lectures, and then published them under the title of "Chopin's Greater Works."

Miss Janotha is not so well known in this country as in Europe, though she has been spending the winter and spring in America. Mr. Gladstone, who has not left music out of his far reaching studies, wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Drew, "I am extremely glad to hear that Miss Janotha is giving her aid to the interpretation of Chopin, whom she so deeply venerates, for I feel sure that no one living is more competent to do it."

The translator wishes it understood that her book is no study of musical feeling or style, but simply of technical execution, of mechanism. Chopin's style is seemingly simple, yet it requires the highest art to interpret his work successfully. Some of the difficulties

Miss Janotha has tried to obviate by her clear analysis.

NORWAY'S GREAT MUSICIAN.

No pianist writing today is more individual, gives more truly the note of his national temperament, than Eduard Grieg. His works should be familiar to every student who has dreams of composing, not that their methods may be imitated, but because they show how the inmost spirit of a country may be translated into exquisite sounds. Grieg is as true to Norway as if he painted pictures of her mountains and fjords, or described the passions of her people.

He has just finished a new pianoforte quartet which is spoken of with enthusiasm by all who have heard it. He will visit England during the summer, and take to the musical world there his variations on an old and popular Norwegian theme called "Legende," which was produced in Copenhagen not long ago.

Grieg is a friend of the reigning family of Denmark, whose queen is one of the best royal musicians in Europe. The French Republic lately conferred upon him the knighthood of the Legion of Honor.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN AGAIN.

"The Grand Duke," Gilbert and Sullivan's last opera, proves again that these two men are to be found at their best only when they are working together.

"The Grand Duke" may not have the elements which made "Patience" and "Pinafore" loved—at least, not in such quantities—but it has the old dash and spirit and really humorous fun, with a bit of harmless satire here and there. One never knows exactly to whom this is due. It does not seem to appear when the two craftsmen work with others. The music is mischievous when the *Chamberlains* sing their chorus, and when the "wealthy members of the brewing interest, to the peerage elevated," gather in. Sir Arthur Sullivan has the talent for modern comic opera, and is almost alone in his field—when he has Mr. Gilbert to select his themes.

THE SINGER OF MANY FAREWELLS.

Patti has been on the Riviera all spring, and will sing in England in her usual concert tour. Her home at Craig-y-Nos, which she was once so eager to sell, seems to become dearer to her as she grows older, and she stays there for longer and longer periods, but almost always with a party of friends who can be actors and audience in her little theater. She herself is beginning to realize that her voice is not what it once was, and she will probably never again appear in opera.

THE QUESTION OF ENCORES.

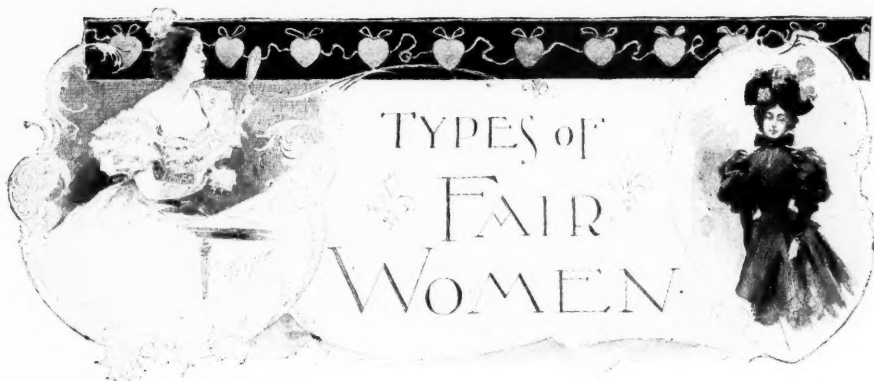
We spoke last month of Joseffy's reappearance after a silence of five years. An incident of the famous pianist's return to the world of music brought to a head the much agitated subject of encores. The craze for repetitions and additions has gone to silly extremes with us,

and there is something ridiculously business-like in the way an American audience rolls up its sleeves and proceeds to pound its palms raw in order to extort the last possible extra performance from an artist. On his first appearance in New York the frantic audience compelled Joseffy to play an encore before it would allow the orchestra to go on with the next number. On his second appearance he was forearmed, and could be induced to respond with nothing more artistic than a long series of graceful bows. Mr. Walter Damrosch finally took his place and signaled the orchestra to be ready for the next selection. Still the audience applauded stormily. After a short wait the orchestra struck up, but its music was drowned by the increased fury of the applause. At length the conductor was compelled to rap for silence. Then he rebuked the audience with a severity not conveyed in his well chosen words. He said that the concerto was a very exhausting performance, and that it was a privilege of genius to decline encores. "So," he added, "it is surely bad taste on *our* part to insist." Then the audience permitted the concert to proceed.

When the encore fiend carries his mania to the point of bulldozing obstruction, it is time to call a halt. But there is too common a tendency to condemn a good thing *in toto* on account of the evil of its abuse. It is true, perhaps, that such obliging geniuses as Paderewski have spoiled their audiences; yet a request for an encore is generally both natural and justifiable. A great composition interpreted by a master sets an audience completely *en rapport* with the personality of the artist, and inspires it with a sort of musical ozone. At the end of such a display piece, an audience is unwilling to be dropped back into the formal air of the ordinary concert hall. It is hungry for further spiritual exaltation, or at least a gradual letting down into dull silence. Such a feeling is the highest tribute to the magnetism of the artist, who should himself feel the same atmosphere, and be as reluctant to cease his flight upon the wings of music as the audience is to accept silence. This feeling surely explains the "indulgence" of many great pianists and singers.

Mr. Joseffy further objected that no encore could be found suitable for the spirit of the Brahms concerto. If this were true, he ought to have played last, and not allowed the orchestra to follow him with a piece of different tone. But contrast has the highest artistic possibilities. The concerto itself depicted several different moods with abrupt changes.

At the same time, the question of fatigue to the performer is an important one. Few people realize what a muscular feat a concerto is, with its thousands of blows and sweeps; and what a nervous feat it is with its infinite shadings and emotions. When an audience finds the performer unwilling to play again—and this is easily discoverable—it is flagrant discourtesy to try compulsion. Yet the justification of the encore lover should not be forgotten in the denunciation of the encore fiend.



In these enlightened days, when we are taught philosophy in the kindergarten and made to apply it to everything in creation, it is one of our first lessons that the history of a country's mental life can be better understood by studying the features of its inhabitants. The types that are representative are considered beautiful, and are preserved by the survival of the fittest.

America has reason to congratulate herself upon the change in her ideal beauties, if this be true. The "Book of Beauty" woman, with her sloping shoulders, her eyes larger than her mouth, her curls, and her simper, would be lost in our healthy "rose bud garden of girls," where loveliness holds the same meaning that was put upon it in the days of Greece's ancient



Miss Lillian Yarbrough.

From a photograph by Howeler & Clark, Richmond.



Miss Virginia Drewry.

From a photograph by Humeier & Clark, Richmond.

glory. But our beauties have something seldom possessed by those classic maidens who could run races and play ball. They add to physical comeliness the fire of intelligence, and an understanding of their own powers. Nearly every woman who has become famous for her beauty in our time owns some other attraction which goes to make it potent. Between our modern belle and her classic prototype, there is the same difference as that between a full, rich dahlia and a brilliant, perfume laden rose.

Although Miss Lillian Yarbrough, of Richmond, is one of the beauties of her native Virginia, she is always first spoken of as a singer whose voice could make her famous in the great outside world as it has already in the social sphere she knows. Miss Yarbrough, who is the daughter of an old Virginia family, only made her *début* two years ago. She is a descendant of one of the English gentlemen who left family and friends behind to make Virginia the proudest colony ever planted by the mother



Miss Nellie Mayo.

From a photograph.



Mrs. J. Lee Tailer.

From a photograph by Cummins, Baltimore.

country, a place where stately old traditions and pride of race came in time to be more regarded than in England itself, creating an influence which has been potent in American history, as well as in the creation of brave men and beautiful women.

Miss Virginia Drewry, daughter of Clay Drewry, and niece of Major A. H. Drewry, is the chatelaine of old Westover, the former home of William Byrd, which we illustrated among the historic Virginia homes a few months ago. She is a fitting representative of the train of fair women who have danced in this ancient house, and whose girlhood and womanhood were lived here.

Miss Nellie Mayo, a third Virginian, is

famed as one of the handsomest girls ever "raised" in the old Dominion. It is difficult to tell the full meaning of such a phrase by a printed portrait. Paper and ink, or even canvas and paint, are cold mediums by which to transfer the charm of a true daughter of the South. Miss Mayo is the granddaughter of Henry A. Wise, and she has inherited the magnetism that made him one of Virginia's favorite sons and most famous governors. She is very tall, with a fine figure and commanding carriage.

Almost every year some Southern girl marries into New York society. With the friendliness born of constant association with people who have known her family

for generations, she usually makes her way into the hearts of the most worldly, and takes a position which no other stranger ever expects to gain. One of the latest of these is Mrs. J. Lee Tailer, who was Miss Marie Stirling, a daughter of Commander

manner and beautiful dignity bringing her great popularity as well as admiration.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, the wife of the well known composer, shines by no means by reflected light. She was one of several beautiful sisters, the daughters of Senator



Mrs. Reginald de Koven.

From the portrait by Mrs. Leslie Cotton.

Yates Stirling of the United States Navy. Mr. Tailer belonged to the list of handsome and clever young New Yorkers. He is the only son of Robert W. Tailer, and was born with the traditional gold spoon. Young Mrs. Tailer has the Titian type of loveliness. Her hair is ruddy blond, and her skin very fair. Since her marriage she has been one of the conspicuous young married women of the metropolis, her softness of

Farwell of Chicago. Another is Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor. Mrs. de Koven has made New York her home for several years, and her house on Irving Place is noted for its unique entertainments. It was Mrs. de Koven who first arranged that series of Sunday night musicales where so many famous artists have been seen. She is a musician who thoroughly understands and appreciates the best masters, and has



The Princess of Pless.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

given real assistance to her clever husband. Nor does she confine her talents to her personal friends. In "A Sawdust Doll," which she published last year, she gave a very clever picture of social life, with a fund of rather cynical observation and comment.

As Miss Cornwallis West, the Princess of Pless came into London society with what has generally been a handicap to a young girl. Her mother had been, and was still, what is known in England as a "professional beauty." Mrs. Cornwallis West belonged to the decade in which Mrs. Langtry rose to fame, and these two were rival beauties. The former was not a woman of great family or wealth, but she had the

qualities which make success. Her husband was appointed lord lieutenant of one of the Welsh counties, and for a time he and his wife were not so regularly in London. Then they came back again, bringing a daughter of seventeen, whom they launched in society at an age when most English girls are in the school room.

Mr. Ward McAllister used to say that the younger a girl married the better match she made, and Mrs. Cornwallis West appeared to be of the same opinion. Within a very short time the young beauty, who was a second edition of her mother, married a "serene highness" who had wealth as well as a princely title.

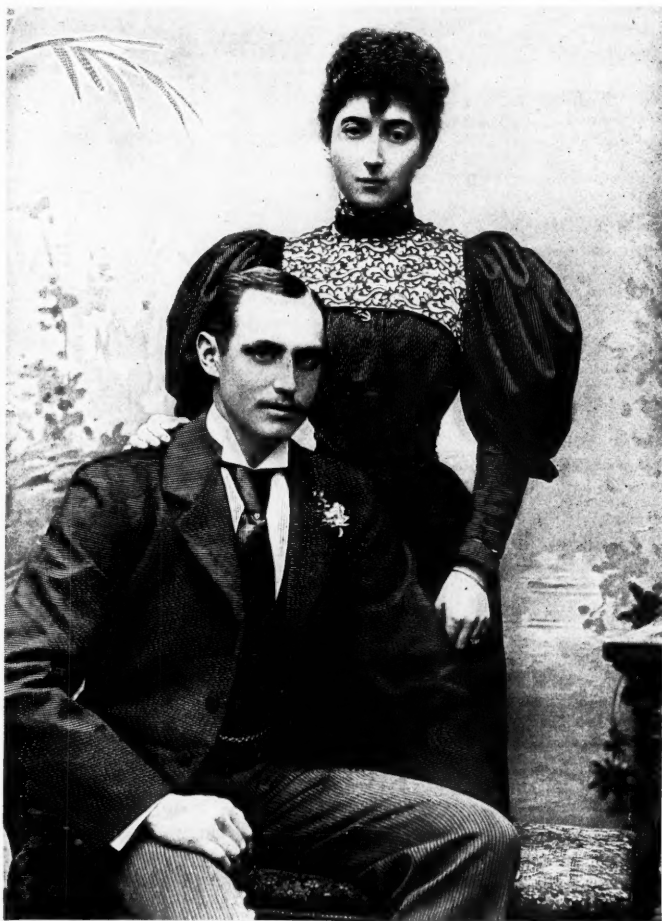
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THREE ROYAL BRIDES.

The gilt edged pages of the "Almanach de Gotha" are to be enriched with three more royal weddings. Two of the high contracting parties are grandchildren of old King Christian of Denmark, whose family is already allied to nearly every court in Europe—Prince Carl, who is to marry his first cousin, Maud of Wales; and his sister Louise, who is to wed a German princeling, Frederick of Schaumburg Lippe.

Both of these are said to be love matches,

and for once the statement is probably true. Neither has any political import, though there is a faint possibility that Princess Maud's wedding may one day bring her the Danish crown. Her bridegroom is the second son of the present crown prince, and the brother who stands between him and the direct line of succession is unmarried. Prince Carl is a year younger than his bride, but to compensate for this he is a foot taller—though he is several inches shorter than his brother Christian, who is the tallest man



Prince Carl of Denmark and Princess Maud of Wales.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

in the Danish army. Carl is now serving in the navy as a first lieutenant. Rumor once selected him as the destined consort of the girl queen of Holland; but from boyhood he has been the special "chum" of his cousin, whom he met every summer when the Princess of Wales brought her children to visit her old home in Denmark.

described as a handsome young officer with no special prospect of political or military eminence. His home is Vienna.

The third marriage is remarkable as linking the ancient royalty of France with a name famous in the annals of the second empire and the third republic. The foremost heirs of the Bourbon line are now the



Princess Louise of Denmark.

From a photograph by Holtenberg, Copenhagen.

Princess Maud—or "Harry" as she is nicknamed—is something of a "new woman," and the brightest member of the English royal family. She will be an acquisition to the quiet court circle of Copenhagen, where she is to settle after her marriage in July.

In gaining one princess, Denmark will lose another. Louise, the crown prince's eldest daughter, is a girl of twenty one, with the family characteristics of a tall, commanding figure and a fresh, healthy complexion. Her betrothed, whom she met while visiting in Germany, is a lieutenant in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and is

two sons of the late Count of Paris—the Duke of Orleans and his brother Ferdinand—and Prince Henry, son of the count's brother, the Duke of Chartres. A sister of the Duke of Orleans is Queen of Portugal, and another may one day be Queen of Italy. Now the Princess Marguerite, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, is married to Patrice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, eldest son of Napoleon III's famous marshal, who was also president of the third republic. As head of the Bourbon family, the Duke of Orleans is reported as giving his formal consent to the match

"in a letter full of sentiments of affection and patriotism." He probably regards it as strengthening his position as a claimant of the throne from which his great grandfather was expelled; but the supporters of the

The Haytians are very dark skinned negroes, whose language is French; the Dominicans are considerably whiter, and speak Spanish. So far as morals and progress go, the advantage seems to be with the latter. The Domi-



Princess Marguerite of Orleans.

From a photograph by Byrne, Richmond, England.

existing régime are not likely to see in it any cause for alarm.

A MAGNATE OF COLOR.

A strange chapter of history is that of the island of Hispaniola, almost the first land discovered by Columbus, and now divided between the Afro American states of Hayti and Santo Domingo.

There is a marked difference between the peoples of these two so called republics.

nicans have had the wit to discover that there is much good in the white man, and that his presence means thrift, money, civilization. On the other side of the boundary line, he is merely tolerated, and is made to feel that his room is much preferred to his company.

A New York merchant, who has had commercial relations with Santo Domingo for many years, gave it as his opinion that President Heuraux was the most re-

markable man he ever met; inasmuch, he explained, as the statesman in question has no conscientious scruples, is apparently devoid of moral sense, and without fear of God or man. A soldier of fortune, born about fifty years ago in one of the British islands, he has fought his own way to his present position. Having won it by the

jects. He has delivered over the customs duties of his island to a syndicate, which doles out to him and his friends a certain amount at stated periods, and retains the rest for its trouble of "running the country." This agreement being terminable only by an open rupture—of which he is capable, when it shall suit his purpose—he

is always on the lookout for new schemes whereby he may replenish his impoverished exchequer. Whatever public project may be brought before him, he is likely to inquire as to what "there is in it" for him.

There are two railroads in the island, both built by foreign capital; and several sugar plantations, whose proprietors alone know what their concessions cost them, but do not know when those concessions may be terminated. The roads of the republic are almost as wretched as those of Hayti, which are the worst in the world. Its priceless antiquities, relics of the earliest period of European colonization of America, are allowed to go to utter ruin, or exploited for the sake of gain. The grasping hand of covetousness without ability to create, of oppression without the will to revivify, is stretched out over all this fair land.

"SILVER DOLLAR" BLAND.

Richard P. Bland, whom Missouri is to present at the Chicago convention as her "favorite son," is the logical Presidential candidate of the supporters of free silver

coinage. His services to the cause of the white metal have been great; and whatever his subsequent career, he will be remembered in history as the chief author of the measure which, since its passage over President Hayes' veto in 1878, has caused the government to issue something like half a billion of the "cart wheel" dollars.

In early life Mr. Bland spent several years upon the Pacific slope, where he was interested in California and Nevada mines. That is where he got his first ideas on silver. Afterward, when he was sent to the Forty Third Congress from Missouri, he made the coin-



President Heureaux of Santo Domingo.

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph.

sword, he has held it by the same means. He owns and controls the lives of all his subjects. No one dares defy his wishes. He fills the jails with subjects, one day; delivers them to freedom the next, at his own caprice, or shoots a man or two, just to make the weight of his authority felt.

He is a man of magnetic presence, modest in his bearing; slow of speech, but capable of expressing himself, and well, in English, Spanish, and French. It cannot be said of him that he has undertaken any great reforms, or has entered upon any enterprise for the good of his abject sub-



Richard B. Bland of Missouri.

From a photograph by Dreukel, Aspen, Colorado.

age a study, and as chairman of the House committee on coinage, weights, and measures, he became identified in the public mind with the silver question. During his long service at Washington he confirmed his reputation by persistent championing of his favorite cause. He failed of reelection to the present Congress, but this was not due to his political principles. He was caught in the Republican landslide of 1894, and buried with a great many others.

Mr. Bland is not an orator, though he is a nimble tongued advocate. He is a man of medium stature, who dresses plainly in the conventional "statesman's" costume of black frock coat and gray striped trousers. His voice is rather low and not at all musical, and he speaks in a monotone. By profession he is a lawyer, but he has been in public life for more than twenty years. His first office was that of county treasurer of Carson County, Utah, before Nevada was

split off from the Territory and made a State. Since his retirement from Congress he has done some lecturing on political subjects, and has been well received in the States where his views find general sympathy.

A KINSMAN OF WASHINGTON.

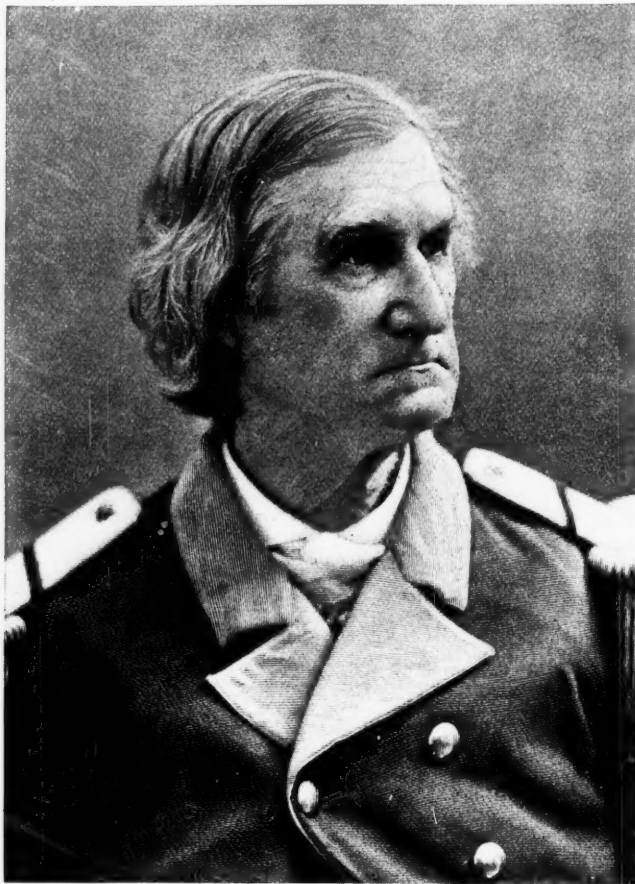
One of the picturesque personalities of Washington is Colonel Ebenezer Burges Ball, who claims to be the nearest surviving kinsman of George Washington. His personal resemblance to the First President is very marked, and is strongly emphasized in the portrait engraved herewith, showing him in the uniform of the Continental Guards, of which body he is an honorary member. "George Washington," says Colonel Ball, "got his looks from his mother, Mary Ball, and I got mine from the same side. When foreigners see my photograph, they always mistake it for a picture of Cousin George."

Colonel Ball's grandfather, Colonel Burges Ball of Virginia, sank his whole fortune in raising a troop for the Revolutionary army. He was Washington's close friend and cousin, related to him through three lines of cousinship; and he added a fourth bond of kinship by marrying the general's

of '49, and where he spent seventeen years. He is now a stalwart veteran of almost four score, who has never found time to marry.

UNCLE SAM'S CHIEF DETECTIVE

It is believed that the public is more secure against counterfeit money at the



Colonel Ebenezer Burges Ball.

niece, Frances Washington. The three sons of this marriage were George Washington Ball, who commanded a company of cavalry in the war of 1812, and died of camp fever, unmarried; Lafayette Ball, whose son, Captain George Washington Ball, is now living in Washington; and Charles Burges Ball, father of the late Judge Ball, of Richmond, and of Colonel Ball.

Colonel Ball was one of the pioneers of the Pacific coast, to which he made his way five years before the adventurous Argonauts

present time than ever before. Much of the credit for this desirable result is attributed to the skill and energy with which William P. Hazen, chief of the United States secret service, has warred upon counterfeiters during his two years' tenure of his office.

Mr. Hazen may be called a post graduate detective. His father was for many years in the service of one of the great express companies, his sphere of operations extending throughout the West. These companies



William P. Hazen, Chief of the United States Secret Service.

make it a rule, as a matter of principle and of policy, never to allow a thief to escape. No matter what the cost—even should it be ten times the sum stolen—no matter what the effort or the lapse of time, the robber is run down if human ingenuity can find him anywhere on earth's surface. Trained in this atmosphere of deadly hostility to crime, and with twenty years' experience in his special line of work, Mr. Hazen was recommended to President Cleveland as the right man to head the government's unending campaign against the forgers of money; and since his appointment, in February, 1894, he has made a remarkable record of captures and convictions. He is an Ohioan, and a little less than forty years old.

The counterfeiter is probably the shrewdest of criminals. He is almost always a man of education, prepared to match the

government's precautions with the latest devices of science. Only death or imprisonment will suspend his criminal activity; once a counterfeiter always a counterfeiter. To discover his operations, the keenest vigilance is needful; to fasten his crime upon its author, and secure his conviction, requires the very acme of detective skill. In this difficult service, Chief Hazen commands a small army of men, stationed in every large American city. He has brought their discipline and organization to perfection, and it is thought that he is likely to be retained in his present office without regard to the political complexion of the next administration.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SENATOR.

Shutting speculation out of business is a good rule, which sometimes has expensive

exceptions. It cost Senator Teller a fortune some years ago. When he was practising law in Colorado, he was asked to undertake a case involving the title to an undeveloped mine, and to accept an interest in the property as his fee. Mr. Teller replied that he would prefer payment in cash, and his client scraped up enough money to give

favorite doctrine he intends to remain a Republican to the end of the chapter.

Under President Arthur, Mr. Teller left the Senate to become secretary of the interior, returning to his old post when his term in the cabinet ended. As a speaker he is forceful and voluminous rather than graceful; when he launches forth upon the



Henry M. Teller, United States Senator from Colorado.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

him a small retainer. He won the case, the mine was opened up, and it proved a bonanza that made its owner rich.

Mr. Teller has been reasonably successful in other ventures—principally gold mines—in which he has been interested. Though never a practical miner, he claims to be a good judge of mines, and says that he has examined more of them than most mining experts. He swears by Colorado as the richest mineral State in the Union. He is known as one of the foremost advocates of the free coinage of silver, but he declares that though his party refuses to accept his

currency, or upon Indian or Territorial questions—on all of which he is a recognized authority—his earnest eloquence has been compared by irreverent critics to the music of a buzz saw. But he has an excellent record as an official and a legislator, and is popular at Washington and in the West.

A PROTECTIONIST CHAMPION.

In hailing Governor McKinley as the one apostle par excellence of protection, the American public displays a lack of knowledge of recent Congressional history. Any



Nelson W. Aldrich, United States Senator from Rhode Island.

From a photograph by Horton, Providence.

one familiar with that not very abstruse topic is aware that Mr. McKinley's special identification with the bill that bears his name was due largely to impersonal circumstances; that he was by no means its sole author, and that Nelson Aldrich, who steered it through the difficult waters of the upper chamber, had much more to do with the final shape of the measure than he. The Rhode Island Senator sat behind his desk every day for weeks, defending the proposed schedules against attacks from all quarters, accepting an amendment here and rejecting another there; and what left his hands was a different bill from the original draft—of which Mr. Blaine had said that it failed to open a market for an additional bushel of wheat or barrel of pork. Mr. Aldrich is regarded, by those best qualified to judge, as the first Republican authority upon the tariff question; and if he came from a more influential State he might now

be a leading Presidential candidate. It was the same consideration of geographical expediency that once intervened to disqualify him for the Treasury portfolio.

Mr. Aldrich has sat in the Senate for fifteen years. He is not an orator. He is a plain, straightforward business man of the best American type. What he has to say he says tersely, simply, sometimes awkwardly; but he is always heard with respect, and his colleagues care more for the substance of his speeches than for the manner of their delivery. He was a wholesale dealer in groceries before he entered the Senate. Within the last two or three years he has become interested in street railroading. He is president of a company which has acquired control of a "trolley" system that gridirons the State of Rhode Island. This new enterprise promises to make Mr. Aldrich a rich man—a condition he has not known before.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

In the spring, as the poet tells us, a livelier iris glistens on the burnished dove. Still more brilliant are the hues that blossom forth on the walls of the art galleries where the painters set their work before a more or less admiring public. On the other side

of the Atlantic, Paris has her two Salons; London her Royal Academy. Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and other capitals boast their national displays, and minor and provincial exhibitions are almost innumerable. Even from so far off a spot as Tunis, not long reclaimed from barbarism, the "In-



"Primrose."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by R. Collin.



"Good By, Summer!"

From the painting by Walter Satterlee.



"Three Friends."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Miss Elizabeth Gardner

stitute of Carthage" announces in a Paris gazette that it is about to hold its annual exposition.

American artists make no showing of their work comparable to the Salons or the Royal Academy. A generation hence, pos-

sibly, we may be able to institute such a comparison. It would be less impossible today, if our art world centered at a single point as France's centers in Paris and England's in London. With us, New York claims, and no doubt deserves, the primacy ;



"Evening."

From an engraving by Ad. Huet after the painting by J. Lefevre—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.

but there is a clash between her and her sister cities—a clash that is in some aspects a healthy rivalry, and in others a source of

the metropolis. The artistic societies of New York consist almost solely of New York painters, and to their exhibitions compara-



"The Vision of Joan of Arc."
From the painting by F. Infous.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO, 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

weakness. Philadelphia and Boston have their old established schools; the West has its active and growing interests and none of them has any very close fip with

tively few pictures are sent from other cities. The catalogue of the display that closed last month at the National Academy showed a total of 276 exhibitors, of whom



"The Music of Olden Days."

From the painting by F. A. Bridgman.

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"An Offering to the Household Gods."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Diana Comans.

209 resided in New York and its immediate suburbs; Boston contributed thirteen, Philadelphia seven, Chicago two; only eight hailed from beyond the Alleghanies. At the American Artists', of 155 exhibitors just

100 were New Yorkers, and but four from the wide West, against nine from France.

It may be added that both of these, the two chief exhibitions of the year in the metropolis, contained sufficient evidence of



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"The Straw Hat."

From the painting by Jacques Blanche.

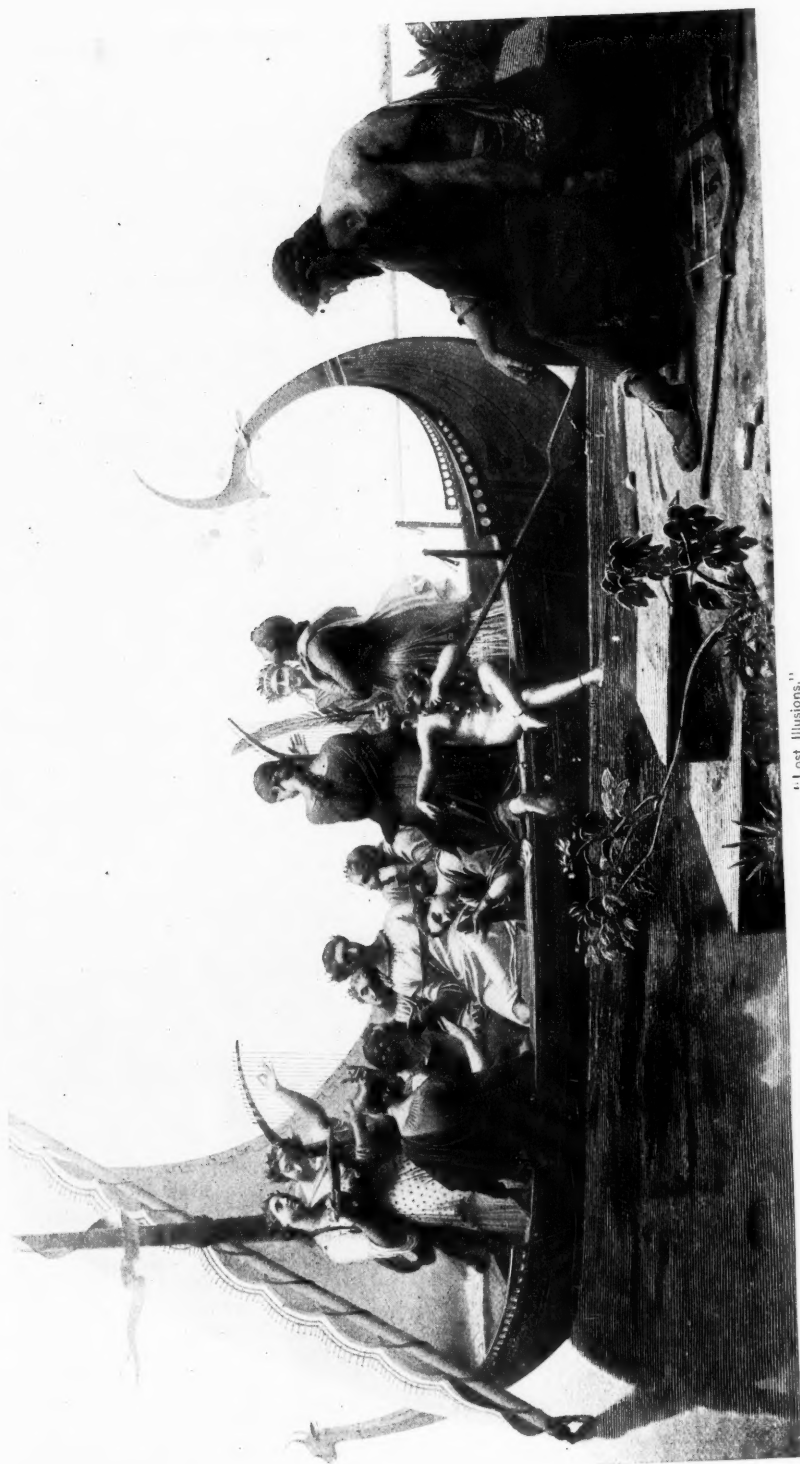


"A Daughter of Bohemia."

From a photograph by A. B. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by A. Delobbe.

the technical excellence of American art at its best. The American Artists' work was decidedly the more brilliant, as well as more uniform, while the Academy display was the more comprehensive, interesting, and popular—wherein each institution

maintained its traditional character and policy. The Academy, as usual, illustrated the progress American art has made since the days of its senior members; the American artists showed the splendid work of a single coterie, the Franco American school.



From the painting by Charles Gabriel Gleyre.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE FEDERAL VETERANS' ASSOCIATIONS THAT PRESERVE THE MEMORIES OF BATTLE-FIELD AND CAMP FIRE--THEIR NUMBERS AND INFLUENCE, THEIR INSIGNIA, AND THEIR AUXILIARY SOCIETIES.

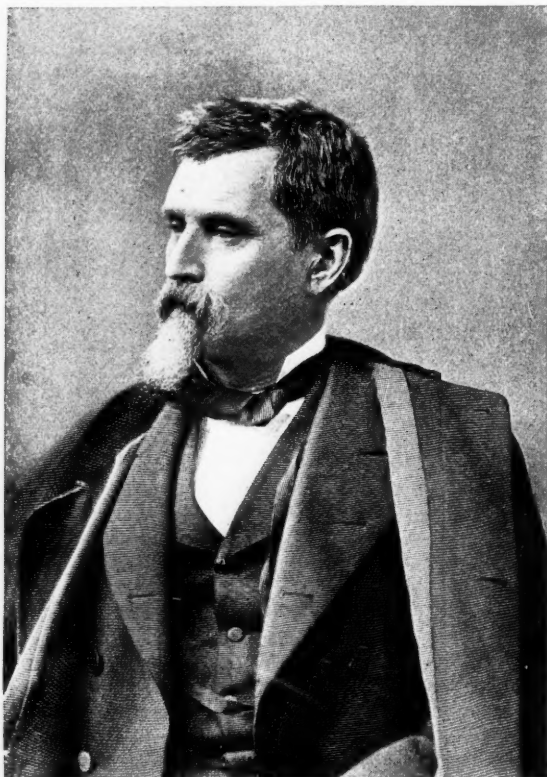
THE 15th of April, 1865, was a sad day in the history of the United States.

Grief, deep and earnest, had taken the place of the joy of victory. War's ending was spoiled of its gladness by the cruel blow of an assassin. The nation was in mourning.

It was under such conditions that a small group of army officers met informally in Philadelphia, and after discussing the event uppermost in the minds of the people determined to found a society on the plan of

the Cincinnati, that should hold the same relation to the civil war that the Cincinnati does to the war of the Revolution. "Having aided," as their preamble said, "in maintaining the honor, integrity, and supremacy of the national government at a critical period of its history, and holding in remembrance the sacrifices in common made and the triumphs together shared in discharge of this sacred duty," these officers and honorably discharged officers of the army, navy, and marine corps of the United States, agreed to unite and establish a permanent association, to be known as the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

As in the Cincinnati, membership in this, the oldest and most distinguished of the patriotic societies of the civil war, is restricted to commissioned officers who took part in the war, and the eldest male descendants of deceased officers, according to the rules of primogeniture. These constitute companions of the first class, while the eldest sons of living original companions form the second class. A third class, into which elections ceased on April 15th, 1890, was originally created to include "gentlemen who in civil life during the Rebellion were specially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty to the national government, and were active and eminent in maintaining the supremacy of the same." In the entire order there are only sixty two of these companions; and typical of



The Late General John Gibbon, Commander of the Loyal Legion.

From a photograph by Puck, New York.



BADGES OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

Woman's Relief Corps.

Loyal Legion.

Woman's Relief Corps, President's Medal, 1895.

Union Veteran Legion.

Regular Army and Navy Union.

Society of the Army of the James.

Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Sons of Veterans.

Union Veteran Union.

Army Medal of Honor.

Navy Medal of Honor.

Grand Army of the Republic.



Colonel George C. James, Commander of the Union Veteran Legion.

them is Senator John Sherman, who is the only companion of this class in the Commandery of the District of Columbia.

The objects of the Loyal Legion must be given in full. They are: "to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the republic; to strengthen the ties of fraternal friendships and sympathy formed by companionship in arms; to advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as companions of this order, and to extend all possible relief to their widows and children; to foster the cultivation of military and naval science; to enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government; to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and to maintain national honor, union, and independence."

Membership is distributed among twenty State societies (including that of the District of Columbia), which are called commanderies. The Pennsylvania commandery, the first to be organized, now has a membership of 1,178. New York, organized in January, 1866, is the largest, having 1,202 members. The total membership was given, on July 31, 1895, as 8,707. At first the order grew slowly, and in 1885 there were but ten commanderies. In that year a commandery in chief was organized, with headquarters in Philadelphia, its members being the principal officers of the subordinate bodies. Its commanders in chief, the executive heads of the order, have included such distinguished veterans as General Winfield Scott

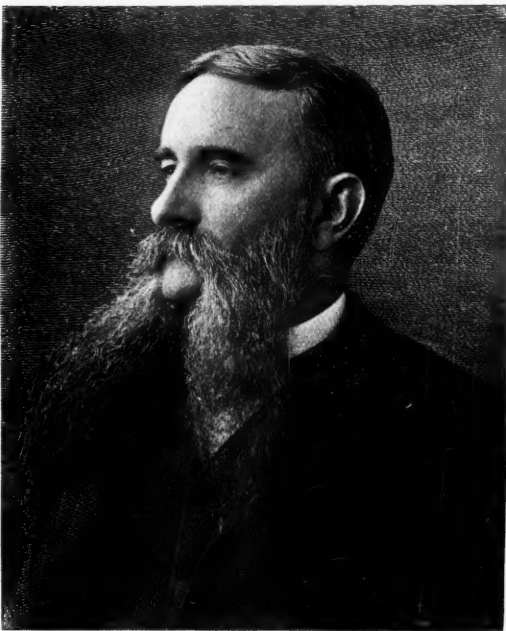
Hancock, General Philip H. Sheridan, General Rutherford B. Hayes, General Lucius



Joseph B. Morton, Commander of the Regular Army and Navy Union.

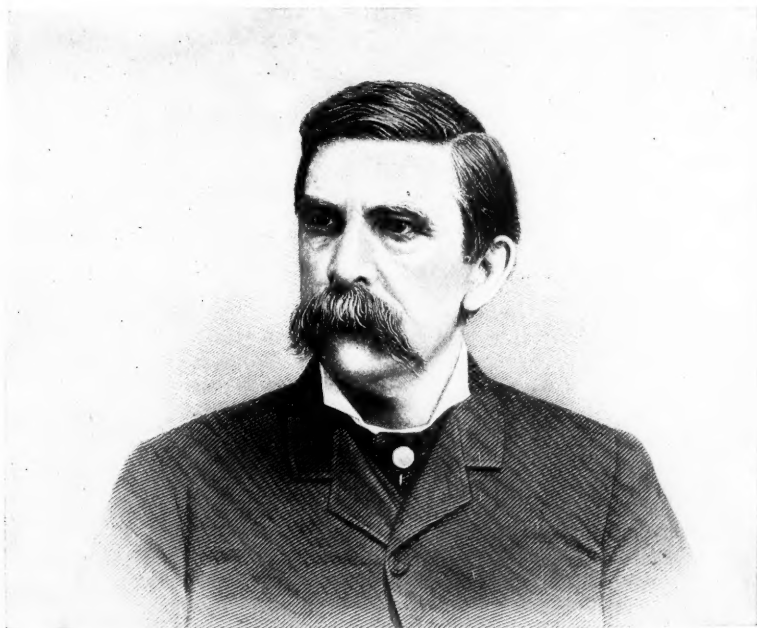
Fairchild, and the late General John Gibbon, who was elected at the meeting held in Washington in October last. The navy is also represented in this governing body, and Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, the present senior vice commander, by the death of General Gibbon becomes the highest officer.

It is the State commanderies, however, that constitute the life of the Loyal Legion. They meet at regular intervals, and at their gatherings it is customary for some companion to present a paper on a war topic, which is sure to evoke a flood of reminiscences from men who helped to make the history of those eventful days. Many of these papers have been printed and gathered into volumes. Worthy of special mention in this "war series" is "The Other Side of War," in which Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, well known for her translations of Balzac, narrates her hospital experiences. It was published



Admiral Walker, Commander of the Naval Legion.

From a photograph by Brady, Washington.



General Grenville M. Dodge, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

From an engraving by A. H. Ritchie.



Louis F. Ellis, Commander of the Union Veteran Union.

From a photograph by Krauss & Eberle, Lima, Ohio.

in 1888 by the Massachusetts Commandery.

The commanders of the State organizations have been chosen from such eminent veterans as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Farragut, Slocum, Hawley, and Gresham. Like the Cincinnati, too, the Loyal Legion has conferred its membership on foreign officers who fought for the preservation of the Union; and an honored companion of the Pennsylvania Commandery was the late Comte de Paris. He was always proud of his connection with the order, and during his visit to the United States a few years ago he constantly wore the red, white, and blue rosette. Another evidence of his appreciation was shown by the handsomely embroidered banner that he sent to his own commandery from Paris.

The red, blue, and white

rosette of the order, worn in the upper buttonhole of the left lapel of the coat, and varying in pattern according to the class of the wearer, is well known. A joint resolution of Congress permits the insignia of the Loyal Legion to be worn on occasions of ceremony, and at important functions its eight pointed golden cross is sure to be seen on the uniform of those officers who are members of the order.

The Grand Army of the Republic unquestionably takes rank as the greatest and most powerful patriotic organization the world has ever seen, for its latest report shows a membership of 357,639 veterans. Of its State departments, Pennsylvania is the largest, containing 43,213 members, while New York, with 38,036, is a good second. It is worthy of note that in most of the Southern States the Grand Army is well represented. In



General W. S. Rosecrans, President of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

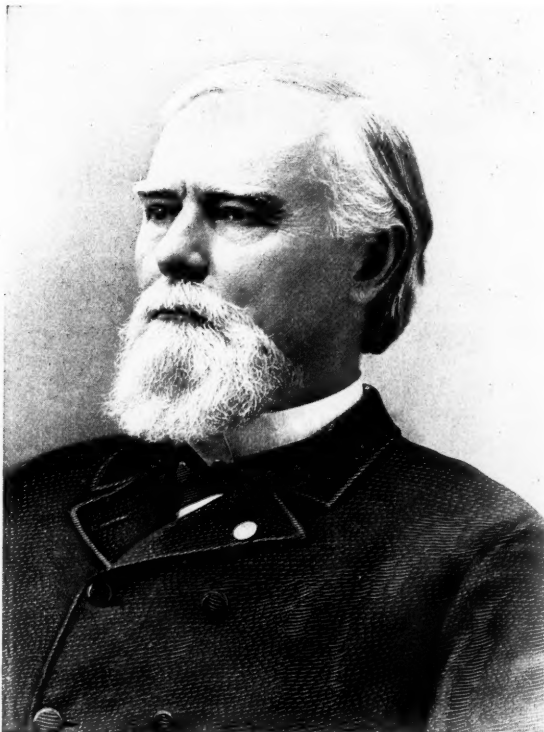
Alabama, for instance, are 243 members, in Florida 550, and in Louisiana and Mississippi 1,129. As yet the four posts in South Carolina have not been organized into a department, but with this exception all the Southern States are provided for.

Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson is accepted as the founder of the Grand Army. He served as a surgeon in the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, and it was at Decatur, in that State, on the 6th of April, 1866, that he organized the first post, with General Isaac C. Pugh as its commander. A few weeks later a post was formed in Springfield, the State capital. The movement rapidly spread through Illinois, and thence to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and all over the country, until at present there are 7,301 posts.



Michael A. Dillon, Founder of the Medal of Honor Legion and of the Union Veteran Union.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



Ivan N. Walker, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

From a photograph by Potter, Indianapolis.

The chief purposes of the "G. A. R." are thus stated: "To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late Rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead. To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection, and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen." It admits to membership every soldier or sailor of the United States army, navy, or marine corps, who served between April 16, 1861, and April 9, 1865, in the civil war; also any member of a State regiment that was called into active service between the dates mentioned.

Annual meetings of the Grand Army, called national encampments, have been regularly held since 1866, when—on November 20—the first was convened



Charles M. Betts, Commander of the Medal of Honor Legion.
From a photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia.

in Indianapolis. Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, the founder, who presided, was succeeded as commander in chief by General Stephen A. Hurlburt. The second encampment met in Philadelphia in January, 1868, when General John A. Logan was elected. It was on this occasion that the 30th of May was set apart "to be observed by the members of the Grand Army in commemoration of the deeds of our fallen comrades." It was from this beginning that the beautiful and now almost universal observance of Memorial Day had its origin. General Logan's successors were General Burnside and General Charles Devens, Jr., of Massachusetts. As might be expected, some of the recent commanders have not been so well known, although the list includes such names as Lucius Fairchild in 1886, and Russell A. Alger in 1889. The badge of the Grand Army is a



Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, President of the Woman's Relief Corps.
From a photograph by Hastings, Boston.

five pointed bronze star, made from the metal of cannon captured in decisive battles during the war.

Besides the establishment of Memorial Day, the Grand Army has accomplished much towards its specified objects by charity. Sick and suffering comrades receive ample bounty at its hands. Memorial relief committees have been established in some of the leading cities, and the building of State homes for veterans has been largely accomplished by its influence. Thus far it has built no monuments to its own glory or in honor of its deceased heroes; though it contributed generously to the memorial of America's greatest soldier, whose splendid tomb is now rising above the Empire City of the new world. In Washington, the site of its encampment in 1892 has received the name of Grand Army Place, and there, where the flagstaff stood, some day a memorial will be raised in honor of the great host that fought to save the Union.

In July, 1883, the Woman's Relief Corps was organized by the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of Union soldiers of the civil war as an auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Like the last named, it is divided into departments, of which there are thirty five, and into smaller divisions, called corps, of which there are 3,141. Its membership was reported, last July, as consisting of 140,305 women "of good moral character and correct deportment, who had not given aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, who believed in the perpetuation of the principles to which the association stands pledged, and who had attained the age of sixteen years."

Besides aiding and assisting the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps states its objects as being "to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead, to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans, to cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses, and to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children and in the communities in which we live." In the fulfilment of these purposes, it has endowed and supported, entirely or in part, homes for destitute mothers and widows of soldiers, and for army nurses; has established industrial training schools for girls; has helped to build memorial halls and monuments, and to secure patriotic teaching in the schools, and the raising of a flag over every schoolhouse. In such good causes it has spent, since its organization, more than twelve hundred thousand dollars. It has indeed proved its faith by its works.

The Woman's Relief Corps holds its

meetings at the same time and place as the Grand Army. In Louisville, where it assembled last September, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, of Boston, was chosen to the office of national president. Each delegate to these annual conventions receives a bronze medal bearing a portrait of the retiring president. That issued at Louisville, Ky., in 1895, was made from metal of both Northern and Southern cannon, and showed the face of Mrs. Emma R. Wallace, of Chicago, Mrs. Turner's predecessor.

The character of the society called the Sons of Veterans is indicated by its name. Its membership is designed to be comprehensive, all male descendants of veterans of the civil war being eligible, if eighteen years old, and unless disqualified by moral objections. Its first camp was formed in Pittsburgh, fifteen years ago, by Major A. P. Davis, a member of the Grand Army. The idea proved a taking one, and camps multiplied rapidly. They exist today in every State and Territory, and there is one in Honolulu. At its high water mark, the membership reached almost a hundred thousand; but there has been a great falling off in the last few years, and the latest report shows only thirty five thousand. This is a small percentage of the total number of persons eligible to the society, estimated at more than four millions. The encampment of 1895 was held in Knoxville, Tennessee, and William H. Russell was there elected commander in chief.

The simple requirements for admission to the Grand Army gave rise to the criticism that the substitute, who sold himself for money, and the drafted man, who fought under compulsion, could share the honor of membership with veterans who volunteered for service from motives of pure patriotism. Hence arose a demand for a more restricted association. "It is believed," said the promoters of the movement, "that those who entered the service prior to July, 1863, had but one object in view, and that was the preservation of the Union. There were no bounties prior to that date, nor were there any fears of a draft; consequently, those who shouldered a musket or wielded a saber felt that it was a sacred duty to offer their lives in defense of their country's honor."

For such men the Union Veteran Legion was organized, in Pittsburgh, in March, 1884. Its national organization was perfected two years later. Only those are admitted to membership who volunteered prior to July 1, 1863, and who served their full term of enlistment of two or three years—including, of course, those who were

honorably discharged by reason of wounds received in the line of duty. Its rolls now contain more than eleven thousand names, divided among 144 encampments. The tenth annual meeting, or national encampment, was held in Buffalo, last October, when Colonel George C. James was chosen national commander in succession to the well known Corporal James Tanner of Washington.

Another society organized on lines more or less parallel to those of the Grand Army is the Union Veterans' Union, which admits soldiers, sailors, and marines who served at least six months during the war, part of which service must have been at the front, or who were discharged on account of wounds. Its objects are the same patriotic and charitable duties as those of kindred bodies, and it is organized into departments and precincts, with a national command that meets annually. Its inception dates from June, 1886, and at its first encampment, held in Washington during the following January, Michael A. Dillon, the society's founder, was elected its commander in chief. The present incumbent is Louis F. Ellis, chosen at the encampment held in Rochester last year. The Woman's Relief Union is an auxiliary organization of women, while the Loyal Guard contains the sons of the members of the Union Veterans' Union.

Besides the foregoing there are several societies in which membership is restricted to a more limited class. Conspicuous among them is the Regular Army and Navy Union, composed of some eight thousand honorably discharged veterans of the regular army, navy, or marine corps. Its principal objects are "to reunite those separated by reason of discharge; to preserve and strengthen that fraternal feeling which binds together the regular soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States who have rendered faithful service to the government; to do all in our power to promote and elevate the social and material standing of the enlisted man, and the man before the mast, and to encourage and abet legislation for his benefit." The membership is distributed among 107 garrisons, many of which are on ships stationed at navy yards. The present national commander is Joseph B. Morton, of Washington, who succeeded James P. Lockwood, of Chicago.

Two orders, both of which are hereditary, and in a general sense comparable to the Loyal Legion, demand brief mention. The first of these is the Medal of Honor Legion, to which are admitted only officers and

enlisted men of the regular army and volunteer forces, or the navy, to whom medals of honor have been presented by the President or the secretary of the navy as having distinguished themselves by acts of special gallantry during the civil war. The order was organized in Washington, six years ago, its first commander being Michael A. Dillon, who was mainly instrumental in founding it. James R. O'Beirne and Charles H. T. Collis, both of New York, were his successors, and at the reunion of 1895, held in Philadelphia, Charles M. Betts of Philadelphia was elected to the command. Besides the members of the first class, the order admits a second class composed of their sons or daughters, who succeed to the first class as vacancies are created by death. There are about three hundred members. The medal itself constitutes the insignia of the order, but a button, on which is the design contained in the center of the badge, is worn as a "recognition pin."

The absence of any distinct order for those connected with the naval arm of the United States led to agitation in favor of the organizing of such a society as early as 1890, but it was not until June 19, 1893—the twenty ninth anniversary of the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge—that the Naval Legion of the United States came into formal existence, at a congress held in Boston. Subsequently the word "Legion" was changed to "Order." A second congress was held in Boston on the 5th of last October, the anniversary of the adoption by Congress, in 1775, of the resolutions formally authorizing the fitting out of the first ships of the American navy. The original constitution was then still further amended, so that at present membership is restricted to surviving officers and "the lineal descendants of commissioned officers, midshipmen, and naval cadets in actual service in the navy, marine corps, revenue, or privateer services under the authority of any of the thirteen original colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress during the war of the Revolution, or of the United States during the war with France, the war with Tripoli, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the civil war, or in face of the enemy in any engagement in which the navy of the United States has participated, and who resigned or were discharged with honor, or who were killed in the service." A second class consists of such enlisted men as have received the naval medal of honor. Their membership is for life only. The object of the order is to transmit to posterity

the glorious names and memories of the participants of the memorable conflicts of the navy; to encourage research and publication of data pertaining to naval art and science, and to establish libraries in which to preserve documents and relics of our maritime history. At the congress of 1893, Lieutenant John C. Soley was made general commander. At that time the Massachusetts commandery was the only one in existence, but at last year's gathering, held in October, 1895, delegates from commanderies in Pennsylvania, New York, the District of Columbia, and Illinois were present. They united in choosing Admiral John G. Walker as the second general commander. Captain Henry H. Bellas, who is the only army officer connected with the order, fills the office of general recorder. He is an enthusiastic member or officer of nearly all the patriotic societies of this country.

Many of the larger armies of the civil war have special organizations, notably the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Cumberland, and the Army of the Potomac. Of these the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was organized April 14, 1865, in Raleigh, North Carolina. It admits to membership "every officer who has served with honor in that army," and membership may descend to a son or daughter according to the expressed wishes of the member. The total membership is about 460. The society holds annual reunions; that of last year took place in Cincinnati. General Sherman, the army's old commander, was president until his death in 1891, since when General Grenville M. Dodge has filled the office. Through its influence statues have been erected to Generals Rawlins and Macpherson in Washington, and statues of Generals Logan and Sherman are to follow. For the latter, competitive designs have already been submitted by a number of prominent sculptors.

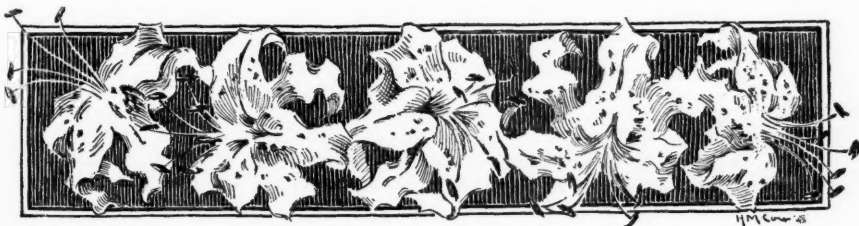
The Society of the Army of the Cumberland was organized in Cincinnati, February 6, 1868. It admits to membership "every officer and soldier who has at any time served with honor in that army." The

present membership is about 600. Annual meetings are held at which an address by some distinguished orator is the conspicuous feature. Statues to Generals Thomas and Garfield have been raised in Washington through its efforts, and funds are being collected for a memorial to General Sheridan. Its first president was General Thomas. He was succeeded by General Sheridan, on whose death the present incumbent, General Rosecrans, was chosen.

The Society of the Army of the James was organized September 2, 1868, and General Charles Devens, Jr., became its president. It held several reunions, and finally, in 1876, was merged into the Society of the Army of the Potomac, which body was organized on February 22, 1869, in New York. It admits to membership "every officer and enlisted man who has at any time served with honor in the Army of the Potomac." More than 2,000 names are on its rolls. Annual reunions are held, at each of which an oration and a poem form conspicuous features. At the meeting held in 1895 General John Gibbon was the orator, and H. C. Bunner was the poet. The officers of the society include a president and a vice president for each of the nine corps, as well as one for the cavalry, one for the artillery, and one for the staff. The first president was General Sheridan, who has been followed by a brilliant galaxy of names, including Meade, Hooker, Burnside, Hancock, Sickles, and Grant. Last year the late General John Gibbon was elected to the presidency.

There are also corps organizations, and many regiments now hold periodical reunions. High on Round Top, overlooking the field of Gettysburg, is the heroic statue of Gouverneur Kemble Warren—the hero of Gettysburg and the victim of Five Forks—whom the comrades of his own regiment from the Empire State have raised in his honor. And so throughout this country, in the South as well as in the North, these patriotic organizations have preserved in bronze and stone the records and memories of the heroes of our civil war.

Marcus Benjamin.



A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

XXVII.

SINCE obstinacy, like a dog that is beaten, is constrained to course the truer for the blows of the whipper in, the two days of confinement and the anxious expostulations of Forsyth and Antrim served but to crystallize Brant's expiatory impulse into a fixed purpose. So far from regretting the step he had taken, the chivalric inspiration grew hardily by what it fed upon; and by the morning of the third day of his imprisonment it had developed into a sacrificial mania, impatient of nothing but the law's delay, which retarded the dawn of the day of expiation.

In such a frame of mind the well meant efforts of his friends left him unmoved, save from a certain sort of satisfaction derived from his success in foiling them; and after Forsyth's Sunday visit he beguiled his solitude by speculating upon the further strategic resources of his would-be helpers. As long as there was a chance of saving him, he felt sure that neither Forsyth nor Antrim would abandon the effort; but since he had only to hold his peace to defeat them, he fancied his purpose was sufficiently well defended. Accordingly, he busied himself chiefly in fortifying the gate of silence, overlooking, in the singleness of his purpose, an unguarded postern leading to the very innermost stronghold of his resolution.

By that postern he was presently assaulted; and when the jailer unlocked the cell door to admit Judge Langford, Brant knew that he was to be attacked at a point where his defenses were weakest. The test promised to be the severest he had yet undergone; but he was generous enough to pave the way for whatever the judge might have to say.

"Good morning, judge—this is kind of you; I hardly expected to see you here," he said, doing the honors of his cramped quarters as best he might.

The judge set his cane in the corner, and sat down on the edge of the cot.

"That doesn't speak well for your good opinion of me," he rejoined genially. "At our last meeting—in your office, you remember—I told you you had placed me under obligations which I would gladly repay. Since then you have added somewhat to the score, and I am here to do what I may to square the account."

Brant bowed. He thought he knew what was coming, but he chose to let the judge find his own way to the offer of assistance.

"After the examination, Saturday, I met your friend Forsyth—and, by the way, he is a good friend of yours, too. He tells me that you refuse to employ counsel, and without giving any reason. Now we can't allow that, you know, and to make it impossible for you to persist, I have this morning taken out a license to practise in the Colorado courts for the express purpose of defending you."

"Of what?" exclaimed the prisoner. He had expected sympathy and kind words; persuasion, and perhaps an offer to furnish bail; but not this.

"Of defending you, I said. And I am here now to beg you to speak freely to me as client to advocate."

"But, Judge Langford—my dear sir! it is impossible—utterly impossible! You don't know what you have undertaken."

"I think I do, and I am ready and willing to do my best for you."

"I say you don't," Brant insisted. "Let me ask you one question. Have you remembered that as my counsel you would have to cross examine your own son?"

"I have."

"Good God!—and you'd do it?" Brant was very near to betraying himself, but he faced about on the verge of the precipice. "But you must know I wouldn't allow it," he went on, more calmly; "it is the height of unselfishness in you to offer it, but I can't accept—indeed, I can't."

"You must; it is my privilege to insist upon it."

"And mine to refuse, ungracious as it may seem. I can't give you my reasons,

* Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of MUNSEY'S.

and you must not ask them, but I'll say to you what I haven't said to anybody else. If I should allow you to do this thing that you propose, you would never forgive me as long as you live!"

The judge met him boldly on his own ground. "That is only adding mystery to mystery. Be frank with me, Mr. Brant, at whatever cost to yourself or to any one."

Brant had no reply ready for this, and the judge pressed his advantage vigorously.

"Let us put away all equivocation, and try to understand each other," he went on.

"You have committed this crime"—Brant breathed freer at this—"and for some reason, real or fancied, you are determined to make no effort to save yourself, or to let others help you. From a purely selfish point of view this may seem to be the proper thing to do, but you must remember that no man lives or dies to himself. You owe something to your friends—you owe something to me, inasmuch as you were seeking my son when this thing happened."

"Then you know—" began Brant.

"Yes, that much and no more. It is for you to tell me the rest."

"I can't do it, and I repeat you don't know what you ask. I appreciate your kindness more than I can tell, but I can't suffer it. I have sins enough to answer for, as it is, without adding another for which there would be no forgiveness."

The judge saw that the time for winning his client's confidence was not yet ripe, and he rose and buttoned his coat. "You are still speaking in riddles, and while you elect to do that no one can help you. I am not going to press you further this morning, but I shall come again—and yet again. Meanwhile, I am ready and anxious to act for you the moment you will permit it. I can't say any more, can I?"

He held out his hand, and Brant grasped it thankfully. "No one could be kinder than you, judge, and some time, in this world or another, you'll know that I'm not ungrateful."

When the judge was fairly out of the cell, and the sound of his footsteps had died away in the corridor, Brant ventured to hope that he had successfully repelled the attack.

"Thank God, that trial's over!" he gasped, throwing himself full length upon the cot. "If they could pull many more such strings as that, I'd hang myself to the grating and be done with it!"

In the mean time the judge went home cogitating. In his own way he was quite as persistent as Brant; and having fully de-

termined to do his whole duty in the matter, he was not to be turned aside by such a trifle as his client's refusal to be defended. After luncheon he went down town again, and sought Forsyth in the editorial rooms of the *Plainsman*. After telling the editor the result of his visit to the prisoner, the judge opened a vein of inquiry.

"Since he refuses to talk, we must just do the best we can without his help, Mr. Forsyth. Please begin at the beginning and tell me everything you know about him."

Forsyth did so, repressing nothing but such portions of Brant's confidential talk as would have betrayed the secret of his love affair; and, indeed, he would have exposed that also if he had thought it could have any bearing on the matter in hand. When he had finished, the judge lighted a cigar and puffed it reflectively.

"More mysteries," he said, finally. "Who were these two men, and what were they trying to do? Why should anybody burglarize Brant's room, and then get drunk and go to sleep in his bed? Who is this John Brinton, and what does he want with Brant?"

"I can help you a little on the last, but not on the others," said Forsyth. "John Brinton is the brother of a man who was murdered about a year ago in Taggett's Gulch, Pitkin County. He is out here for the purpose of prosecuting the murderer, if he can find him, and I presume he thinks Brant may be able to help him."

"Can he help him?"

"I don't know; but it's not unlikely. Brant was very much 'in evidence' in the mining camps."

"Tell me what you know of his life there."

"I don't know anything more than I have already told you. He was a man of his hands, I fancy, but I'm sure he was no worse than he had to be."

"In any case, he must have had friends who know all about him. I wish Hobart were here; he could probably tell us what we want to know."

"Who is Hobart?" asked Forsyth, becoming the questioner in turn.

"He is the assayer at the Gentle Annie, at Silverette, and his wife is visiting us now."

"Does he know Brant?"

"They were at college together, but Mrs. Hobart is not sure that they met at the camp. She wired Saturday night, asking her husband to come down; but the superintendent at the mine wires back that

Hobart is out with a prospecting party, and they can't reach him."

"Then that throws us back on our own resources again. I'll tell you what I'll do, judge; I'll start my young men on a still hunt after Brant's acquaintances among the submerged people here in town. Perhaps we can learn something in that way."

"Do; and I will go home and piece out this story you have told me. Keep me fully informed, and don't omit to hammer Brant at every opportunity."

That evening two things happened and a third transpired. Dorothy, thirsting for information, learned all that her father was able to tell her; and the reportorial force of the *Plainsman* resolved itself for the time being into an amateur detective corps. And a little later a fact leaked out which Forsyth hastened to telephone to the judge; the grand jury had found a true bill against George Brant for the wilful murder of James Harding.

XXVIII.

FOR two weeks after the judge's first interview with his unwilling client, the possibility of successfully defending Brant receded steadily, and no new discoveries came to countermine the wall of evidence that was slowly closing in upon him. In that interval Colonel Bowran had returned, and, contrary to Brant's expectation or desire, had at once championed his draftsman's cause. There had been more than one stormy interview—tempestuous, at least, on the colonel's part—in which the chief engineer's wrath was directed at Brant's obstinacy. And when expostulation and friendly abuse had failed, the colonel sought out Judge Langford and Forsyth, joining forces cordially with Brant's friends, but bringing nothing helpful in the way of additional information.

On the other hand, the prosecution lacked nothing but the culprit's confession of having a complete case. Brant's record was exploited, his reputation for violence made much of, and the details of his previous quarrel with Harding, or so many of them as were known to the barkeeper, dragged out of Deverney as sound teeth are extracted from the jaw of an unwilling patient. So much was known to Brant's friends, by what means Forsyth's young men could have best explained, and there was consternation among them in just proportion. If the tide could not be turned before the rapidly approaching day of the trial, the judge knew that he should go into court

without any case; and making due allowance for the change that had recently been wrought in public sentiment, he had reason to fear the worst for his client.

"I tell you, Forsyth, the man will hang in spite of anything we can do. It's wilful murder, clearly premeditated; and, so far as we know, there isn't a single extenuating circumstance. Handicapped as we are by our lack of information, we cannot do a thing; we shall simply have to stand by and see him sentenced."

So much the judge was constrained to say in one of the many conferences with the editor, and Forsyth had nothing to offer in rebuttal.

"I'm afraid you're right," he admitted. "Having done what one man might to bring about the present trend of public opinion against lawlessness, I can appreciate the situation. If Brant would only tell us what he knows—"

"It couldn't make the slightest difference in the result now," the judge broke in. "It might give me something to say at the trial, but it wouldn't change the verdict by a hair's breadth. So far as discussion in the newspapers and the talk of the streets can do it, Brant has already been tried and condemned, and we might as well face the fact first as last. There is only one thing that would certainly save his life now."

"And that is?"

"The clearest proof of his innocence."

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "The day of miracles is no longer with us, and nothing less would fill that bill," he said. "You have had no word from Hobart yet?"

"No; not even a hint of his whereabouts. But that isn't singular; the party was provisioned for a month. By the way, have your young men been able to find out anything further?"

"Nothing helpful; nothing but what the prosecution will turn to better account than we can. And the man from whom I hoped the most seems to have done nothing."

"Who was that?"

"A young fellow named Jarvis; he was the one who hit upon the idea of locating the point from which the shot was fired. Since doing that he seems to have lost all interest in the affair, but perhaps that's only natural; he's a friend of Brant's."

The judge nodded. "We're all in the same boat, pretty much—all but Antrim. He still hangs to his firm belief in Brant's innocence."

"Yes; I know he does. In his way he's

as obstinate as Brant himself. It is entirely sentiment, though, on his part. I wish his faith had a better foundation."

Antrim had wished so many times, himself, and having racked his brain for a fortnight in a vain search for something tangible wherewith to buttress his belief, he was finally indebted to the chapter of accidents for a clue which seemed to point most hopefully. It was in the afternoon of the day on which Judge Langford had summed up Brant's case in the talk with the editor. Antrim had been rummaging in his safe for a missing paper, and he chanced to stumble upon the packet given him by Brant.

His first impulse was to send it to the judge, and he obeyed it at once, addressing the envelope and giving the package to the office boy for immediate delivery. Before the boy had had time to reach the street, however, he began to doubt the wisdom of the hasty conclusion. What if the packet contained that which would make Brant's precarious condition still more desperate? The thought was distracting, and the next moment Antrim had raced out into the street, hatless and coatless, and just in time to catch a glimpse of the boy turning the nearest corner. When the packet was recovered he went back to the office and had a battle with his sense of the proprieties, a struggle in which a masterful desire to help his friend finally overcame all scruples. When that happened he broke the seal, and was presently reading the evidence of Harding's guilt.

Not until he had gone twice through the papers did he begin to comprehend their purport; and when this became plain he went quickly adrift on a wider sea of bewilderment. Admitting the theory that Brant was at feud with Harding, why should he commit a murder when his enemy's life was already in his hand? It was past belief that he should do it—more so now than ever; but Antrim's joy in the discovery was speedily overwhelmed by a fresh wave of perplexity. What should he do with these papers now that he had found them? How could they best be turned to account in the desperate game of life and death? As a last resort they might stand for what they were worth at the trial, but in the mean time was there not some way in which they might be used to unseal Brant's lips?

Never in his life had Antrim felt so sorely the need of a confidant; but argue as he might, he could not persuade himself that he ought to go to either the judge or Forsyth. They both believed Brant guilty,

and the belief would inevitably belittle the importance of the discovery and bias whatever action they might decide upon. The same objection applied to Colonel Bowran; and besides these there were no others. None, did he say? Yes, there was Dorothy; if she did not fully believe in Brant's innocence, her point of view was at least undistorted. And her woman's intuition might point the way where a man's reason stumbled blindly.

Having admitted so much, an immediate interview with Dorothy became a sheer necessity; and since he could not go to the house without risking a meeting with Isabel—a thing he had not been able to contemplate for a fortnight—Antrim wrote a note to Dorothy, asking her to come to the office, and sent it post haste by the boy. She answered in person, and Antrim led her quickly into the superintendent's room and closed the door.

"I'm glad you came right away," he said. "I was afraid something might stop you, and what I want to talk about won't wait."

Dorothy sat down in the superintendent's chair and untied her veil. "I was just getting ready to come down when Tommy came. He said it was a 'rush message,' so I caught the next car."

"That was lucky. Dorothy, would you still be glad to believe that Brant isn't guilty?"

She sat up very straight at this, and the sensitive chin quivered a little. "That's a hard question, Harry; if it wasn't Mr. Brant or—"

"Just leave Will out of it entirely," he interrupted; "try to forget that he was there."

"If I could do that, the question would answer itself."

"That's all I want to know. Now I have believed all along that Brant didn't do it, and a little while ago I found some papers that prove he could have no possible motive for doing it. It isn't necessary to go over the whole thing, but you'll understand what I mean when I say that the papers are Brant's, and all he had to do any time he wanted to get rid of Harding was to turn them over to the district attorney of Pitkin County. That would have been the end of Mr. Harding as quick as they could catch and hang him."

"You say you found them—where?"

"In my safe. Brant gave them to me to keep for him."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"I do." She tugged at the fingers of her glove, and a light came into her eyes that told Antrim more than she would have admitted under torture. "It was because he was afraid to keep them—afraid he might be tempted to let the law do what everybody says he did with his own hand. Harry, he is innocent!"

"Of course he is—that's what I've said all along. Now there are two of us who believe it, and something has got to be done quick."

"What have you thought of?"

"I can't think—I'm badly rattled, and that's why I sent for you. You can plan all around the rest of us. What do you say?"

Dorothy sat back in the great chair, and thought it all out in the turning of a leaf.

"Mr. Brant must be made to listen to reason," she said decisively. "He must let papa defend him; he must let papa use these papers; and he must tell us all the things we don't know."

Antrim spread his hands helplessly. "But that's just what we've all been trying to get him to do for two weeks!"

"I can't help it; that is what must be done."

"And it shall be, if you'll only go a step farther and tell me how to do it."

"Can't you persuade him?"

"Persuade nothing! Why, Dothy, you don't know what a mule the fellow is! Your father, and Forsyth, and Colonel Bowran, and I, have fairly worn ourselves out trying to make him open his head. There isn't a thing any of us could think of that hasn't been tried; not a—yes, by Jove! there is one thing, too!"

An inspiration much too large to be readily put into words came to Antrim, dazzling him with its invincible simplicity. Dorothy divined it with quick intuition, and her heart sank at the mere suggestion.

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Why, it's the simplest thing on top of earth! Brant won't talk to any of us, but if you'll go to him——"

"Oh, Harry—I can't, I can't!" she wailed, but he was not to be turned aside.

"Yes, you can, Dothy, and you must—it's life and death, now. Only this morning Forsyth told me it was all up with Brant. Think of a man being hanged for a thing that he didn't do; think how awful it would be if you had to remember that you might have done something to prevent it and didn't. Think of—of Isabel, and be a brave little sister of mercy, as you have always been to every one in trouble."

"Oh, don't, *don't*," she pleaded pitifully. "Don't say any more, Harry. You haven't any idea of what you're asking me to do, but I—I'll go. Can we do it now—right away—before I have to go home and face them all again?"

Antrim made a dash for his hat and coat, and they were half way to the jail before she spoke again.

"Isn't it a very dreadful thing for me to do?" she asked shamefacedly. "Do ladies ever go to see the prisoners—alone, I mean?"

"I don't know, and you mustn't care, Dothy, for this once. I'll go as far as the corridor with you and wait till you come out again. You must just keep saying to yourself that it's life and death; and—*and Isabel's happiness*," he added softly.

She caught the inspiration of his unselfishness, and answered in kind. "You are very good and noble, Harry; I'll remember, and I'll try to do my part—as you are doing yours."

XXIX.

BRANT was lying down when he heard the jailer's steps in the corridor and caught the rustle of a woman's dress. He thought it was another of the cut flower faddists who had lately been making his prison life miserable, and sprang up with a muttered malediction. A moment later the lock clanked and the door swung back. He stood transfixed for an instant, hardly daring to believe his eyes; then the crash of the closing door brought him to his senses, and he turned and hid his face.

Dorothy stood still, abashed at her own boldness, and waiting timidly for some sign of recognition. When it was over long in coming she plucked up courage and went to him.

"Haven't you a word for me, Mr. Brant?" she asked softly.

"Don't ask me—what can I say? Why did you come?"

"Because you made me come," she said simply. "You wouldn't listen to any of the others, you know, but you must listen to me."

He nerved himself for the struggle—the cruelest they could possibly have brought upon him, he thought—and turned to face his visitor.

"Sit down, Miss Langford," he said, pointing to the single chair. "I think I know what you have come to say, but it's no use—indeed it isn't."

She ignored the invitation, and leaned

against the wall within arm's length of him.

"Please don't say that, Mr. Brant—not to me. None of the others had my right; it was I who sent you."

He flinched at that and gave ground a little. "What would you have me do?"

"Whatever papa wants you to," she rejoined quickly, thinking it best not to go too deeply into particulars.

"That is altogether impossible."

"Why?"

"Because—God in heaven! None of you know what you are asking."

"Then tell me, so that I shall know."

"I can't do that, either."

"Won't you tell me if I guess it?"

The pleading eyes unsteadied him and he receded yet another step. "Perhaps," he said, hesitating.

"Are you afraid that if you defend yourself my brother will be in danger?"

To deny it would be a lie; and try as he might, he could not look into her eyes and find words in which to frame the falsehood. So he evaded the question, but clumsily.

"And if that were true, what then?"

"You would be making a very great mistake. Don't you know—haven't they told you?—it has been proved that my brother could not have done it?"

He did not ask how. It was enough that she believed it, and it was the last drop of bitterness in the cup of expiation. She, too, believed him guilty. It was more than he could bear, unmoved; and he turned from her that she might not see the anguish in his face. When he did not reply she spoke again.

"That was the reason, wasn't it?"

"It was—it *is*." The words said themselves because there was no strength left in him wherewith to check them.

"I was sure of it; but you won't hesitate any longer now, will you?—not after what I've told you."

"Hesitate—to tell them I'm guilty? No, I won't hesitate; I'll confess to you—here—now, if you wish it." He faced her suddenly, but again the pleading eyes unmanned him. "No, I can't say it to you," he went on, softening in spite of himself; "in the eye of the law—in the eyes of the whole world—I am a murderer, taken in the very act, but I can't go to my death with the thought that the only woman I have ever loved believes me to be guilty of such a cold blooded crime. I did not kill James Harding."

Dorothy forgot her errand, forgot the papers, forgot everything in the horror of a

great doubt that suddenly threatened to suffocate her. Nevertheless, a misunderstanding, rooted and grounded as hers was, dies hard.

"You mean that I should—that you want me to—to tell my sister?" she faltered, and she could no longer look him in the face.

"Your sister!" Brant fought a good fight for self control and won it. "No, Dorothy, it is not Isabel's belief that troubles me—it's yours! How could you have misunderstood?"

Dorothy felt the solid floor of the cell swaying under her feet, and she clung to the wall for support. "How could I?—but she told me——" she broke off in pitiful confusion, and Brant sought to help her.

"What was it she told you?"

She saw that she must go on or leave Isabel under an imputation too dreadful to be contemplated. "She told me that—that she sent you away!"

"Sent me away? But that couldn't be; there is a mistake somewhere, Dorothy—an awful mistake. It was not I, it was Harry."

"Harry!" said Dorothy faintly. "Oh, dear, what have I done? Tell me one thing, please; whom did you meet the last evening that you came to see us?"

It was Brant's turn to be confused, and he answered her with his eyes on the floor.

"Your mother," he said briefly; then he took heart of grace and swept the misunderstanding aside. "I went over that evening to tell you that I loved you, Dorothy; to tell you what I had been and what I hoped to be, and to ask you to wait till I could make my promises good. Your mother met me, and—but no matter about that. It was she who sent me away; and for good reasons, you will say now. None the less, bad as I am, and good as you are, I love you, you, and no other, Dorothy—how well you may know, some day."

"Some day!" Dorothy knew at that moment, and the keen joy of it made her lose sight of everything but the sublime fact. "Thank God, I know it now—know that you are here in prison because you thought it was the only way to save my brother. Oh, how could I——"

"Be so faithless," she would have said, but he caught her quickly in his arms, and his kisses put the remorseful exclamation to death.

"Say but two words, Dorothy, my darling," he whispered, "that you love me and that you believe I am innocent, and I shall die happier than most men live!"

The word brought her back to the perilous present. "Oh, please, don't say that!

Yes, dear, I do love you, and I know you are innocent ; but so is Will."

He shook his head sorrowfully, and drew her closer. "I wish I could believe that, but I can't," he said gravely. "I shouldn't have betrayed him, even to you, but you must keep my secret, and so help me to save him. He is young—the lesson is a terrible one, and he will surely profit by it."

He spoke with such an air of mournful conviction that Dorothy's faith in her brother's story was shaken.

"Oh, George! Are you sure? Did you see him do it?" she gasped.

"No, dear ; it was done in the moment of darkness. But who else could it have been?"

"Oh, I don't know; but they say the shot couldn't have been fired from where Will was sitting—that it must have been fired from the doorway."

"From the doorway?" A great desire to live and love and be loved came quickly to Brant, but he put it away before it should possess him. "I wish I had known that sooner, but it is too late now. I wasn't in the doorway; I was half way across the end of the room."

"It mustn't be too late!" cried Dorothy eagerly. "Oh, why didn't they tell you—why—"

She stopped and disengaged herself quickly from his arms at the sound of a footstep in the corridor. It was the jailer coming to release her, and there was time for but a single question.

"May I tell—" she began ; and he bent over her till his lips brushed her forehead.

"I am yours in life or in death," he said gently. "Do what seems best to you, dear."

A moment later she had rejoined Antrim in the passageway, but neither spoke until they were out of the building.

It was after nightfall when they reached the street, and the chief clerk's impatience slipped the leash while they were hurrying to catch a North Denver car.

"What luck?" he asked, as they threaded the crowded sidewalk in Larimer Street. "Did you find out anything?"

Dorothy blushed hotly, and drew down her veil. "Yes, much ; wait till we get out of the crowd, and I'll tell you."

They missed the car, as a matter of course, and had to wait on the street corner. Whereupon Antrim drew his companion into a sheltered doorway, and refused to be kept longer in ignorance.

"For pity's sake, tell me, Dot—what did he say?"

"He didn't do it, Harry—he is inno-

cent!" she began triumphantly, and Antrim could see her eyes shining behind the veil.

"I knew that all along," he interrupted. "What then? What about the papers?"

"Oh, dear, I forgot all about them. I can't talk about it, Harry—not here ; but there is one thing I must tell you." The blush came again, and its attendant emotion threatened to stop her, but she went on bravely. "It's about—Mr. Brant and—and Isabel. I was just dreadfully, horribly, stupidly mistaken—she meant—it was somebody else—there's nothing at all between them, and there never has been anything. I—"

Antrim waited to hear no more. There was an idle carriage standing at the curb, and before she knew what he meant to do he had put her into it, slammed the door, and swung himself up to a seat beside the driver.

"To Judge Langford's, over in the Highlands," he said briefly ; "and the quicker you get there the more money you'll earn."

In an incredibly short time he was helping Dorothy out at her father's gate. "Fix it some way so I can have ten minutes alone with Isabel," he begged, as they hurried up the walk, "and then I'll be ready to hear the rest. You'll do that, won't you, Dot?"

Fortunately, it needed not to be arranged. Isabel met them in the hall, and Dorothy had but to dart quickly into the library and so leave them alone together. Two weeks of utter neglect had humbled Isabel rather more than she was willing to admit. Hence, she permitted herself no more than a cool little "Good evening, Harry ; won't you come in?"

"I am in ; and I'll stay to dinner—if you'll ask me," he replied promptly, penning her into the small space between the door and the stairs. "But first I want to say something that I'm going to repeat every time I see you, regardless of time, place, or present company. I love you, Isabel—I've always loved you—and I'm always going to."

"Indeed!" said Isabel, with admirable coolness.

"Yes, in deed and thought and word. More than that, I know now that you love me. Don't take the trouble to deny it, please ; you told Dorothy you did, and she gave it away without meaning to. So you see it's no use, and you might as well give me the kiss I asked for the last time you told me fibs—"

"Not now—or ever!" she retorted, slip-

ping under his arm, and darting down the hall toward the sitting room door. He caught at her as she eluded him, and then ran after her. She paused with her hand on the knob.

"Keep your distance, sir, or I vanish," she threatened. "Now stand there right where you are and tell me why you went off in a dudgeon that night; and why you froze me out two weeks ago; and why you haven't been back since; and why——"

The catechism was never finished. With a lamentable want of vigilance she took her hand from the door knob, and Antrim—but sufficient unto the day of youth are the small triumphs thereof. Twenty minutes afterward, Kate Hobart, coming down to dinner, stumbled over two young persons sitting on the lowest step of the stairs. She recognized them, even in the darkness, and being but a Sabbath day's journey beyond her own courtship, understood at once why the hall was not yet lighted.

Antrim sprang quickly to his feet, and made the explanation which does not explain; and Kate benevolently helped him out by asking if there were anything new in Brant's affair.

"No—yes, there is, too, by Jove! And we've been sitting here talking, that is—ah—er——"

"Spooning, Harry, dear," said Isabel, with refreshing frankness; "tell the truth and——"

"While Dorothy is waiting to tell us about it. Let's go in and hear her story."

Isabel tapped at the library door, and they all entered. Dorothy was sitting on the lounge, her hat and gloves still on, and her face pale and grief stained. The judge was walking slowly up and down in front of the fire, but he stopped and turned at the sound of the opening door.

"In a moment," he said, waving them back; and then he bent over the still little figure on the lounge to whisper a word of encouragement.

"It is hard to win and lose in the same moment, I know; but you must be brave, my child, for your own sake and mine. I'll keep your secret; your mother mustn't suspect—now or ever."

She nodded, and the tears came afresh.

"Go up to your room," he added, seeing that there was no present balm for the hurt. "I'll make your excuses at table."

Then he joined the trio in the hall. "Dorothy brought good news," he explained, leading the way to the dining room, "but I was obliged to meet it with bad. From what she tells me there seems

to be a reasonable doubt of the young man's guilt, but his conviction is rendered doubly certain by something which I learned this afternoon. They have discovered that the pistol with which the murder was committed belongs to Brant."

There was manifestly nothing to be said, and a sympathetic silence followed the startling announcement. While they were taking their places at table, the telephone rang, and the judge excused himself to answer it.

"Don't wait on me," he said. "Harry, lad, take my place and carve, will you?" And he went out and carefully closed the door behind him. And inasmuch as the hall was still unlighted, he failed to see a shadowy little figure on the stairs which paused and bent over the balustrade as he answered the telephone.

XXX.

"ARRAH, now, Misther Jarvis, it's no use your flattherin' me the like o' that. F'what I know, I know; an' that I'll keep to myself. Besides, wasn't it Misther Brant himself, poor dear, that says, says he, 'Mum's the wurrud, Mary, me jool; sure it's but a b'y's thrick, an' I'll not be havin' it talked about'?"

"But that was before it all came out," cut in Jarvis glibly. "He don't mind your talking about it now—in fact, he told me to ask you."

For something better than a week the reporter had been assiduously cultivating Mrs. Seeley's housemaid, and one of the results of the intimacy was a second visit to Brant's room, made in the landlady's absence, and sanctioned by the connivance and presence of Mary McCarthy.

"Did he then, poor man?" said the girl unsuspectingly.

"He did, for a fact," rejoined the reporter, clenching the falsehood promptly. "Now show me just what you did and tell me what you saw."

Thus adjured and absolved, Mary McCarthy went circumstantially over the account of her discovery of the burglar, and Jarvis absorbed the story as it was told, leaving the journalistic compartment of his brain to sift the few facts from the mass of embellishment and exaggeration.

"Black clothes, you say?" he interrupted, when the housemaid came to a description of the intruder.

"Yis."

"Then he didn't look like a tramp or a tough?"

"Only for the oogly face av him, he might well 've been mistuk for Mr. Brant himself."

Jarvis strolled to the window and stood with his hands deep in his pockets, looking out on the tin roof of the porch. "Dang the thing!" he muttered, "it gets blinder with every move. Now, who the deuce is this gentleman burglar that Brant wants to screen? By Jove! I wonder if it was young Langford? He always wears gamblers' mourning. But what the dickens would he be doing here?"

He turned away from the window, and made a slow circuit of the room, in the vague hope that he might stumble upon some overlooked clue to the puzzle. There was none, and he was about to give it up when he came to the closet at the foot of the bed.

"Where does this door go to?" he asked.

"Sure, it's on'y the closet."

Jarvis turned the knob and glanced at the garments hanging in an orderly row at the back of the shallow recess. "These are all Brant's, I suppose," he said carelessly.

"'Deed an' they are, then; whose else 'd they be?"

"Are these all he has?"

Mary McCarthy picked a fancied suspicion out of the meaningless question, and promptly resented it. "D'ye think annybody'd be shitalin' them?" she demanded. "Av coorse they're all there, barrin' fwhat Misther Antrim an' the b'y tuk to 'im in the jail."

"Boy? What boy?"

"'Deed, then, I don' know; some little scaramouch from the shtrates, I'm thinkin'. But he brought a letter from Misther Brant; that's it on the table."

Jarvis sauntered across the room, and took a dirty scrap of paper from beneath the paper weight. It was a misspelled pencil scrawl signed with Brant's name, but the reporter did not have to look twice to see that it was a clumsy forgery.

"Mary, dear," he said feelingly, "you're a pearl of price, and the mate to you has never been found."

"Be off wid yez wid yer flattherin' tongue!"

"It's not flattery—never a word of it. Did Mrs. Seeley see this letter?"

"Sure, she did that same."

"And she gave the boy the suit of clothes it calls for?"

"Av coorse. An' it's meself as was wonderin' fwhat Misther Brant'd be wantin' wid thim ould rags."

"From all our friends—so they be women

—good Lord deliver us!" said Jarvis, under his breath; then aloud, "That was quite right, of course. Did you happen to see the clothes yourself, Mary?"

"I did that—an ould dirty suit o' pepper an' salt it was, the likes o' fwhat Misther Brant never did be wearin' in the whole swate life av 'im."

"Exactly."

Jarvis slipped the note into his pocket, and got away as quickly as he could. It was but the slenderest thread of a clue, but it fitted one of the many gaps that he had been vainly trying for a fortnight to bridge.

At the very beginning of his investigation he had stumbled upon Harding's disguise in the West Denver lodging house; and a painstaking inquiry into the habits of the red haired and fiery bearded lodger had developed the fact that he was seen oftenest in company with a smaller man, whose description the reporter had gathered from many sources, but whom he was as yet unable to identify.

So far as could be ascertained, the unidentified one had disappeared on the night of the shooting; and until the opportune discovery in Brant's room there was nothing more than the overheard conference in Hedrigg's restaurant to connect the man with Brant's affairs. The finding of the letter, however, led to a fairly evident conclusion. It was doubtless Harding's familiar who had burglarized Brant's room; and in a fit of drunken recklessness he had stolen a suit of Brant's clothes and left his own—a slip he had made haste to retrieve when he became sober enough to realize its possible consequences.

Knowing nothing of Harding's stake in the burglary, the reporter was still in the dark as to the motive, but he was too intent upon following out the chain of consequences to trouble himself over much about first causes. If he could establish the identity of the unknown housebreaker, and ascertain the exact relations which had existed between him and Harding, Jarvis felt that the mystery would then begin to clear itself up. To that end, he spent the day—or so much of it as remained after his visit to Mrs. Seeley's—plunging the dragnet of inquiry into such turbid waters as were most likely to reward his efforts.

There was no lack of corroborative information, so far as it went. There were many persons in Denver, bartenders, dealers, and men of that ilk, who had seen the "big man gone thin," in the company of the red bearded farmer from Iowa. They had

drunk together at many bars, and they seemed to be friends. So far all reports agreed; but when it came to describing the less remarkable of the pair, Jarvis got as many verbal pictures of the man as there were persons who remembered him. In one point only did the pictures resemble one another; it was admitted by all that the man had always appeared in a shabby suit of pepper and salt, much the worse for wear.

The reporter pushed his inquiries well into the evening, forgetting his supper in the ardor of his quest, and giving over only when it was time for him to go to the office for his assignments.

At the end of a fortnight, in which he had said little, thought much, and worked more, he was obliged to confess himself beaten, and that at a time when he seemed to be on the verge of a discovery which promised much. It hurt him to acknowledge it, touching his reportorial pride on the raw, and he turned up Sixteenth Street toward the *Plainsman* building, thinking he would have it out with Forsyth, telling the editor what he had been trying to do and how he had failed.

At the corner of Larimer Street he met one of the employees of the Osirian Club, the man who had been on duty in the upper corridor on the night of the shooting.

"Hello, Binkie; going on watch?" said Jarvis, stopping to buttonhole the man from sheer force of habit.

"That's what," was the reply.

"Good man. What's new, anything?"

"Nary; business been mighty quiet since that scrap in Number Seven."

"Go shy, do they? By the way, Binkie, was there anybody else up stairs in the big room that night, at the time when George Brant went in?"

"Not a soul." The man shuffled a moment, and then went on as one who seeks to divide a harassing burden. "That's what I said to the cop, and it's what I say now; but for all that, there was a blame queer thing happened that I hain't told nobody, and I've sweat about it till I'm galded raw."

"What was it?" asked Jarvis carelessly, but with curiosity sharp set.

"Why, this: George he comes up and asks me about them two ducks and which room they was in, and I tells him. Then I sees him go a swinging up the middle of the big room with that there git out o' my road sort o' gait of his, jest about as plain as I see you now—see? Well, about two minutes after that I leaves the door to go open a window in the hall, and when I gets back,

there he is yet, still a goin' up the room same as I'd seen him before. Blame me, if I didn't think I'd got 'em ag'in, for a minute."

"Sure it was Brant?" said the reporter, hungering and thirsting for a negative answer, and not daring so much as to suggest it.

"Cert," said the man briefly. "First I wasn't; seemed like he'd gone thinner, somehow, so 't his clothes didn't fit him. But it couldn't a' been nobody else, 'r I'd seen him comin' up the stairs—see?"

The man evidently wanted corroboration, and he got it promptly. "Of course it couldn't," agreed Jarvis; "most likely George came back to ask you something, and then changed his mind. Well, I must get a move; good night."

"Holy smoke!" said the reporter to himself, as he left the modern Egyptian on the corner; "and yet they say there ain't any such thing as chance! Why, great Moses! here I've stumbled up against two things today when I wasn't looking for either one of them—and they go together like rot gut whisky and a Pi-Ute medicine man! Brant nothing! It was his double in the stolen outfit—that's what it was!"

Fifteen minutes afterward, Forsyth was in possession of all the facts gathered so painstakingly by Jarvis; whereupon he changed his opinion of the young man in whom he had been disappointed, and decided to call an immediate council of war. Judge Langford was reached by telephone, and this was the skirling of the bell that had interrupted the judge as he was sitting down at the dinner table, and startled Dorothy as she was going up to her room. She had a vague presentiment, but whether of good or evil she knew not, and she listened anxiously from the stairs when her father answered the call.

"Hello—well? Yes, I am he. Who is talking? Oh, it's you, is it, Forsyth?—all right, what is wanted? Tonight? Why, certainly, if you think it necessary. I'm just sitting down to dinner; will a half hour or so later do? All right; I'll join you. Good by."

The judge replaced the ear piece in its hook, and was about to go back to the dining room when a whisper came out of the darkness overhead.

"Papa, what was it?"

"Is that you, daughter? It was a message from Mr. Forsyth; there have been some more discoveries—on the right side, this time, I infer. I'm going down after dinner, and if you're up when I get back I'll

tell you all about it. Keep your own counsel and don't lose hope."

The judge went back to the dinner table, but before he had taken his seat the door bell rang, and the much interrupted meal halted again when a servant came in with a telegram for Mrs. Hobart. Kate read it and handed it to her host.

"H'm—that's good," he said. "Harry, what time does the train get in from the west?"

"About eight thirty tonight; she was two hours late when I left the office."

"That will suit exactly. Hobart's coming in and we'll pick him up at the station."

"Are you going down town this evening?" queried Mrs. Langford.

"Yes," the judge replied, and not wishing to be drawn into details, he carefully steered the table talk as far as possible away from the subject with which at least four out of the six persons present were most deeply concerned.

It was fifteen minutes past the hour, and Number Four was just crossing the bridge, when the judge and Antrim reached the station platform. They stood under the electric light while the train was pulling in, and the chief clerk read a company telegram which had been thrust into his hand by the night messenger. It was from the superintendent, directing him to go at once to Voltamo, and Antrim upbraided his luck unsparingly.

"Confound that fellow at Voltamo!" he said, as they pushed through the crowd toward the sleeping car. "He's always getting sick at the wrong time. I suppose I'll have to get right out on Number Seventeen, but you must wire me what you do. Can't you drop by the despatcher's office when you get through with Forsyth and give Disbrow the facts? He'll get them to me, and I shan't sleep much till I hear."

Judge Langford promised, and a moment later caught sight of Hobart, who was presently shaking hands with an old friend and a new one.

"You're just in good time, Ned," said the judge. "Leave your valise at the check stand and come up town with me. I will explain what is wanted as we go."

As he promised, so he performed, and by the time they reached the editor's room, Hobart knew all that the judge could tell him. Forsyth welcomed the newcomer heartily; and then Jarvis was introduced and invited to retell his story for the benefit of the judge and his companion.

Hobart heard him through without comment, but when the reporter finished he

gave a sigh of relief. "That burglary business helps me out," he said. "I heard about the thing for the first time last night; and from a letter Brant wrote me about three weeks ago, I had every reason to believe that he had simply avenged himself on his enemy."

"His enemy?" echoed the judge.

"Yes; listen and I will tell you his story, so far as I know it."

He did it truthfully, beginning with their friendship in college, and ending with the impressive little scene in the moonlight on Jack Mountain, when Brant had turned his back upon the past, and set his face toward better things.

"What has happened since that night, you all know better than I do," he concluded, "but I want to say one thing; if Brant says he didn't do it, that settles it—he wouldn't lie about it if the lie would save his life a dozen times over."

The judge was profoundly moved. "My friends," he said, "this is no time for concealment. I have that to add to Mr. Hobart's story which makes the young man's hitherto inexplicable reticence a part of a most chivalrous and heroic purpose—a deed worthy of the bravest knight that ever figured in ancient legend. Up to within a few hours Brant has believed that my son was the murderer of James Harding, and in his belief he determined to sacrifice himself to save the boy. What his motive was you may perhaps gather for yourselves when I tell you that it was to my daughter, and after she had divined his purpose, that he admitted the fact."

A silence more eloquent than the loudest praise fell upon the little group gathered around the editor's table. Hobart was the first to break it.

"It was very like him," he said quietly; "like the George Brant I used to know and love in the old days. But in our admiration we mustn't lose sight of his peril. As I understand it, his life is no less in danger tonight than it has been at any time. Putting it all together, what are we prepared to prove when he is brought to trial?"

The judge shook his head. "Nothing, I fear, that would appeal to a jury. I presume it is clear to all of us now that this unknown man who broke into Brant's room stole the weapon, and with it killed Harding; but we can neither prove this nor show the motive. If we could only identify this man, and so be enabled to find him, we might be able to show why he shot a person with whom, by all accounts, he was on friendly terms."

While the judge was speaking, Jarvis amused himself by defacing the blank page of a scratch pad with a sketchy outline of a human face. He did it mechanically, and without realizing that he was trying to draw the features of the man of many descriptions. When he did realize it he passed the pad across to Hobart with a query.

"Did you ever see anybody that looked like that?"

Hobart shook his head.

"Nor anybody else, I guess," said Jarvis, taking the pad and beginning to obliterate the picture by idly adding a bushy beard and a bristling mustache to the face. The judge and Forsyth were anxiously discussing the advisability of calling in one of the great detective agencies, the editor urging it and the lawyer objecting on the score of time.

"It is too late to do that now," he said; "by the time they could get their men at work we shall be out of the race, unless we can take an appeal. No, what is to be done we must do ourselves, and that quickly."

Hobart took no part in the discussion. He was leaning over the table watching the reporter's pencil. Suddenly he put out his hand and stopped it.

"Hold on a minute; that looks something like a man I've seen somewhere, but I can't remember when or where."

The exclamation attracted the attention of the others, and they examined the sketch while the assayer was trying to recall its suggestion. "Let me look at it again," he said, and he knitted his brows over it for a breathless minute while they waited in silence.

"I can't place it," he added, at length; "I thought at first it looked a little like Gasset, the desperado that Brant shot in the row that night at Gaynard's, but——"

The editor's pivot chair made a quick

half circle, and he smote upon the table with his fist in a speechless ecstasy of exprobration.

"What an infernal lot of idiotic chumps we are!—saving your presence, judge," he burst out. "Why, the thing is as plain as twice two!" Gasset is the man who fired that shot, and he meant to kill Brant—not Harding!"

"By Jove, you're right!" rejoined Hobart excitedly. "Now I think of it, I remember that some one in Silverette told me a month ago that Gasset was out of the hospital and hunting for Brant with blood in his eye. I meant to write George about it at the time, but since he'd cut the whole business I didn't think there was much danger."

"Thank God," said the judge, with a little tremor in his voice; "that changes the face of the affair most decidedly. Now, if we can only manage to lay hands on this man Gasset——"

"That is precisely what we're going to do, if he's anywhere this side of his master's smelting pot," cut in Forsyth; "and there is no time to be lost. If you and Mr. Hobart will go over to headquarters and set the wires at work, I'll have my young men ransack the city. They'll do it better and quicker than the police. Jarvis, send the boys in here, and then chase over and put a flea in Brant's ear. Good night and God speed, gentlemen; we'll all meet here and compare notes in the morning, if you please."

Two hours later it was definitely ascertained that Gasset had left town on the day following the tragedy; and before midnight his description, together with the offer of a liberal reward for his apprehension, had been sown broadcast through the mountains in every camp and hamlet touched by the far reaching wire nerves of the telegraph.

(To be concluded.)

HEAVEN'S MIRROR.

I SAW a million dewdrops, in each one
A bright reflection of the morning sun.

Thus God's great love can form of life a part,
Supreme and perfect in each human heart.

And by the potent blessing of His grace
I find the whole of heaven in thy face!

Maurice Baldwin.

THE STRONG MEN OF CANADA.

THE POLITICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND FINANCIAL LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION—TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEN WHO ARE MOLDING THE DESTINIES OF OUR GREAT NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

THE political generation that saw the Canadian colonies welded into a unified state, vast in extent and boundless in its hopes of coming development, is now rapidly passing away. Of the foremost public men of the first period of the Dominion's history, Macdonald, Mackenzie, Cartier, and Brown are no longer living, while Blake has forsaken the country of his birth for that of his ancestors and become one of Ireland's representatives at Westminster. It is the successors of this group of leaders who now control the destinies of a land that covers half the North American continent, and whose citizens, akin in blood, speech, and institutions to those of the United States, are also their close neighbors along three thousand miles of the imaginary geographical line that marks the dividing frontier.

Of the heads of the two great political parties in Canada brief sketches have already been given in this magazine (June and August, 1895). Since that time, Sir Mackenzie Bowell has shown a somewhat unexpected strength in his grasp upon the premiership—to which post he succeeded at the sudden death of the late Sir John Thompson a year ago last December. Exclusion from office has long been the lot of his Liberal antagonists, at whose head Wilfred Laurier has stood since Mr. Blake's withdrawal; but the general elections about to be held may possibly reverse the present order of things, and for the first time in eighteen years place the Reformers on the treasury benches. In such an event Mr. Laurier's accession to the premiership will be significant, owing to the fact that heretofore no French Canadian has ever held that important post. His friends predict that his very broad ideas, and particularly the fearless stand he took upon the Manitoba school question, will insure for him a greater support from the Anglo Saxon element than from his own countrymen.

Though his career has fallen upon the rocky path of opposition, while others, per-

haps less deserving, have luxuriated in the rose scented ways of power, Mr. Laurier is one of the most respected personalities in the Dominion. His most notable gift is that of oratory, which has won for him the title of the "silver tongued." His French parentage has not debarred him from reaching greater perfection in the English tongue than any of his Anglo Saxon rivals. In the musical language of his own race he must, perhaps, share honors with Chapleau, once the magnetic leader of the Quebec Conservatives, but now a "sulking Achilles," who has laid aside his coat of mail and donned the purple robes of the lieutenant governorship. Impressive in appearance and courteous in manner, Mr. Chapleau is the idol of the French, and could, if he wished, wield as great an influence as did Honoré Mercier in the palmy days of his invincibility.

One day, a good many years ago, the late Sir George Cartier was attempting to address his constituents at an open air meeting. His efforts were in vain; the crowd hooted and hissed their well meaning chieftain. The situation was critical, for a hearing was necessary to explain away numerous false charges that had been made against the promoters of the confederation movement. Suddenly the pale, handsome face of a beardless youth appeared at the window of a carriage, and as if by magic imposed silence upon the angry crowd. Then in the midst of the calm rang out the clear tones of the young orator, and in that maiden speech Chapleau saved his leader from defeat.

On the government benches Chapleau was always powerful, but his ambitions were of Cæsarian amplitude, and are credited with estranging him from his colleagues—who now, rumor says, have become fully alive to his loss. When Sir Charles Tupper relinquished his comfortable post of Canadian high commissioner in London, it was whispered that his design was to relieve Sir Mackenzie Bowell of the arduous duties of



Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada.*

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

Wilfrid Laurier, Leader of the Canadian Liberals.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

the premiership; and part of the plan, it was said, was the nomination of Mr. Chapleau as his chief lieutenant. Sir Mackenzie, however, declined to abandon his position, whereupon seven members of his cabinet resigned. The crisis ended, however, in a compromise, and in the temporary triumph of the veteran premier.

Chief of the repentant seceders were Messrs. Foster and Haggart. The former first gained prominence as a temperance lecturer, and the late Sir John A. Macdonald held the opinion that any one who could command an audience's attention on such a doughty subject should be a valuable man to have in the government. As usual, his judgment was correct; and though Mr. Foster has since then given up cold water effusions he is quite as successful in the dry intricacies of budget speeches, which as finance minister fall to his lot. An ardent love of power has fed his imagination to such an extent that he dreams of the premiership, but it is likely that his lack of popularity will prevent such a dream from taking a more material form.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. Foster is the gentleman who recently spoke of "Eng-



J. W. Longley, Attorney General of Nova Scotia.

From a photograph by Gawin & Gentzel, Halifax.

* As we go to press, it is announced that Sir Mackenzie Bowell has resigned the premiership, and that Sir Charles Tupper succeeds him.



Sir Richard Cartwright, K. C. M. G., a Prominent Canadian Liberal.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

land's splendid isolation"—a phrase for which a London correspondent claimed that its author deserved knightly recognition. In that case the editor of a certain Canadian journal would be the rightful recipient of the honor, and not the statesman who so paternally adopted the idea.

As secretary of state and leader of the House, Sir Charles Tupper is a very influential member of the Bowell ministry—more influential, some say, than his nominal chief, and should the government be successful at the polls he will probably be the next premier. At seventy five, he is still the "war horse" of his party, as keen and plucky a fighter as ever. Once, as he was driving along a lonely road, a shot was fired at him. Instead of giving the whip to his horse, he jumped from the carriage, and, rushing towards the spot whence

the shot had come, captured his would be assassin. The story is characteristic of the man, in political as well as private life. During the past session he has done little to immortalize himself, and the heat he displayed in handling the vexed question of the Manitoba schools gave offense to many of his followers.

One of Sir Charles' best works is his son, Charles Hibbert Tupper, the clever lawyer whose services as counsel for the Dominion in the celebrated Bering Sea case were recognized in the usual way, with a knighthood. It is true that he has not escaped the inheritance of his father's powers of enlargement, and that in the midst of a speech his imagination sometimes parts company with probability; but withal he is able, energetic, and determined. He is, furthermore, not so much given to the use of the first person singular as is his sire; and never takes unto himself the credit of bountiful harvests and other gifts of nature. Sir Hibbert was one of the seven seceding ministers, and later re-



Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

signed in real earnest to make way for the "Star in the East," as one enthusiastic parliamentarian has dubbed the elder Tupper. Many Conservatives see in the son a future premier of Canada.

In the event of Mr. Chapleau reëntering the government, his place as lieutenant governor of Quebec would probably be taken by Sir Adolphe Caron, now the Dominion's postmaster general. The wearer of a monocle which he balances with Chamberlainian skill, and attired according to the strictest mandates of fashion, Sir Adolphe is famed at Ottawa as the Beau Brummel of the House.

It is unquestionably true that the Canadian people, as a whole, are stanchly loyal to their present political connections, and any "annexation" ideas that may be expressed by men of advanced opinions are likely to be received with audible disapproval. Hence it is that Professor Goldwin Smith's well known opinions debar him from the homage and



Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Secretary of State of the Dominion.

From a photograph by Netman, Montreal.

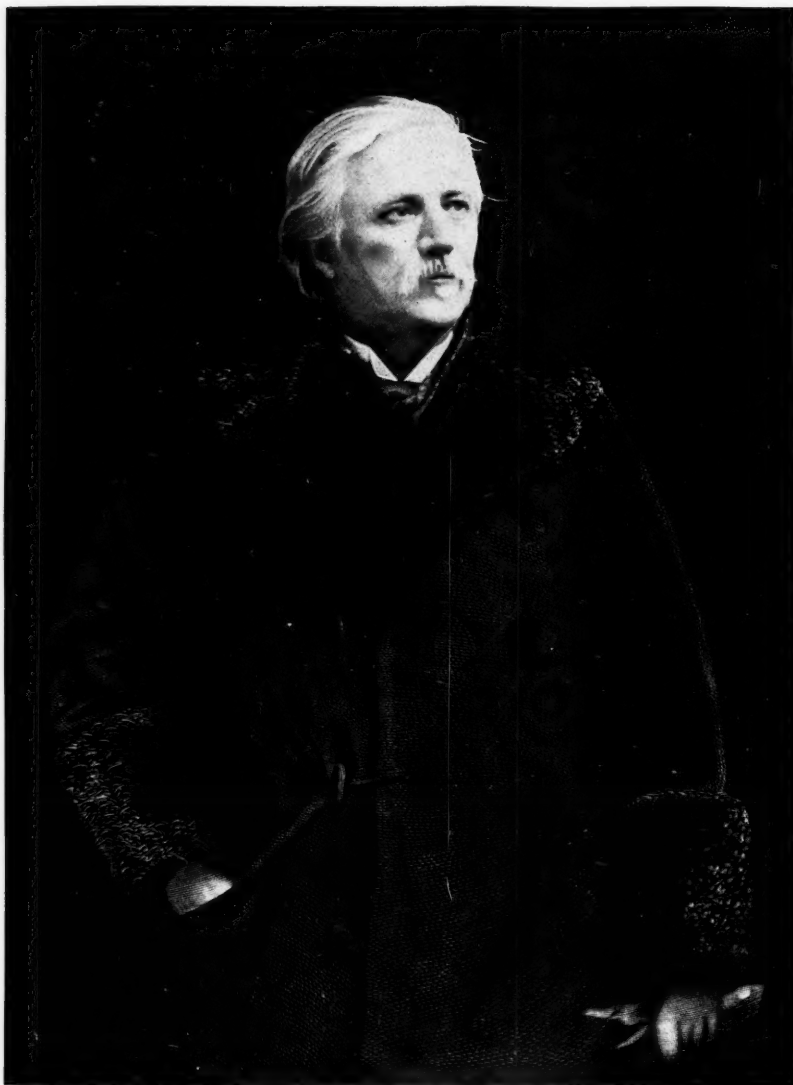


Major General Gascoigne, Commander of the Forces in Canada.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

popularity that might otherwise be his. The Dominion cannot claim this shining man of letters as its own, which, considering the country's comparative barrenness of literary ability, is a fact to be regretted. No less an authority than Mr. Frederic Harrison credits Mr. Smith with being "master of a power of expression which has scarcely a rival among us," but in spite of all his qualifications he is showered with Anglo Saxon abuse because of his faith in unpopular political principles. He is chiefly known to Americans through his connection with Cornell University, though previous to that time he had distinguished himself as a professor at Oxford. A celebrated cartoonist has depicted him *plus* a liver pad, thus mildly suggesting the cause of his apparently pessimistic tendencies; but this is an injustice, as Mr. Smith is in reality an earnest optimist.

The same may be said of Sir Richard Cartwright, a political



J. A. Chapleau, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec.

From a photograph by Quéry Bros., Montreal.

leader with whom he is to a certain extent in sympathy. Sir Richard is not an annexationist, but he is one of the strongest advocates of close commercial relations with the United States, and on this account has time and time again been called upon to repudiate the baseless charge of disloyalty. With the possible exception of Goldwin Smith, he is the most maligned man in Canada. He is, however,

well able to defend himself, and, though not always judicious in his remarks, never engages in a tilt without leaving a mark upon his adversary. His chief *bête noir* is Sir Charles Tupper, upon whom he recently made a bitter attack on the floor of the House. In some respects he resembles his antagonist—mainly in his love for a fight, and in the bulldog persistency with which he sticks to it. It must be admitted that he

seems to have become soured by his years of honest yet thankless work in the interests of his country.

Of the same stripe of politics, but almost ignorant of the trials of opposition, is Sir Oliver Mowat, the unobtrusive little gentleman who for twenty four years has presided at the head of Ontario affairs. Sir Oliver is a Liberal, but a Liberal of the most conservative order, and his long rule has been so uneventfully successful that it looks as if only death or resignation can depose him from his place of eminence. It might be thought that a man of his advanced years would hesitate before surrendering the comfortable sinecure of a provincial premiership, but Sir Oliver is apparently ready to sacrifice this and more for his party, and it is said he will join forces with Mr. Laurier at the approaching federal contest. His assistance will be of incalculable value to the



L. O. Taillon, Premier of Quebec.

From a photograph by Netman, Montreal.

Liberal chieftain, who, should he be successful, will reward such devotion with



Sir Adolphe Caron, Postmaster General of Canada.

From a photograph by Netman, Montreal.



Dr. William Peterson, President of McGill University.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

nothing less than the justice department. Sir Oliver is a striking contrast to Mr. Taillon, premier of the older but less progressive province of Quebec, who is a man of commanding stature, and blessed with a strong, clear delivery linked with an effective command of the graceful gesticulations characteristic of the French race. Mr. Taillon lacks the brilliancy and dash of his meteoric predecessor, Honoré Mercier; but in his freedom from self assurance he differs from his Ontario contemporary, whose confidence in his own powers is quite as strong as that felt in him by the electorate. The "little premier" is not a great orator, but he is always heard with interest by his supporters. Being a prominent member of the Presbyterian denomination, he can always count upon the "low church" vote, and with no little diplomatic skill he makes extremes meet at the polls, where he secures the almost unbroken

support of the Roman Catholic electors.

In Ontario the latter have become quite an important factor, but in the prairie province of Manitoba they are in a small minority. It is in Manitoba that "the farmer premier," as Thomas Greenway is called, has, by his action in abolishing the Roman Catholic separate schools, given rise to one of the most aggravating questions that has ever threatened the confederation. Every pressure has been brought to bear against him, the last session of the Dominion legislature having been convened to discountenance his action by the passage of a remedial bill—a measure left stranded by the death of parliament. But Mr. Greenway is determined in his stand, and is backed up by three quarters of the population in his refusal to reëstablish a double educational system. He is a man of iron—a veritable Cromwell—but his position is a trying one. Rumor says that



Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G., Canada's Wealthiest Citizen.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

like Sir Oliver Mowat he will engage in the impending electoral contest as a lieutenant of Mr. Laurier.

The cause of Protestantism is at all times well fought at Ottawa by the leader of the so called Third Party, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. This gentleman is without doubt an agitator; he cannot escape the epithet, and in this respect resembles the strife stirring

having forged his way to the top has signified his intention of seeking the wider range open in the federal House. In the event of the Liberals being returned to power, he would doubtless receive an important portfolio. He has been accused of annexation tendencies, a charge which has subjected him to ferocious attacks, but which as yet has neither deposed him from a foremost



Sir William C. Van Horne, K.C.M.G., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From a photograph by Netman, Montreal.

Mercier. He is no such political gambler as the late French leader, but he is no less inspired with the antagonism of Canada's races, and equally willing to ferment the feeling, already too strong, that rises up as a wall between the two peoples. He has even gone so far as to state publicly that "as members of the body politic they (the French) are the great danger to the confederacy." It is impossible to say whether Mr. McCarthy will ever attain a high political position, or whether he will always mark time to the march past of others.

Rivaling Mr. McCarthy in ability, energy, and perseverance, and superior to him in point of diplomacy, is J. W. Longley, the popular attorney general of Nova Scotia. For some years past Mr. Longley has played a prominent part in provincial politics, and

place in his province nor checked the growth of his popularity.

The great majority of Canadians who have won fame in the speculative world of politics, or in the less perilous though less interesting mazes of commerce, are Scotchmen by either birth or descent. Sir Donald Smith and his cousin, Lord Mount Stephen, who have amassed fortunes unequalled in the Dominion, are of the number. As a boy, Sir Donald was in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, of which he is now the head. At one time, when stationed in far off Labrador, he was smitten with snow blindness, and threatened with the loss of his sight. The nearest doctor was several hundreds of miles distant, but the sufferer determined to reach him. In company with two half breed



Sir Charles H. Tupper, Q.C., K.C. M.G.

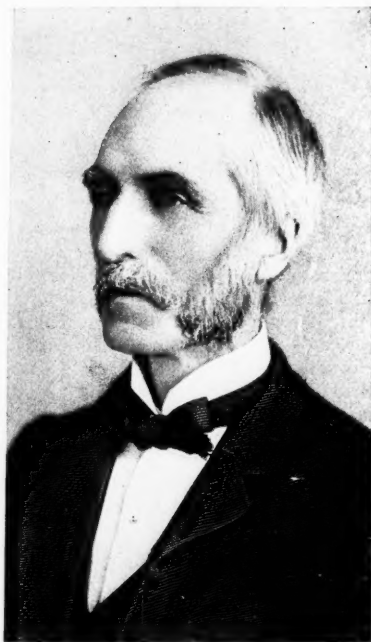
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

guides, he successfully accomplished the journey, and obtained the needed medical aid. On the return, the weather became so violent and cold that both guides succumbed, but young Smith struggled on alone, arriving at his destination more dead than alive.

It is commonly stated that he was knighted for services rendered in the first Northwest rebellion; but as the honor only reached him six years after that event, it may be conjectured that his connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway had something to do with it. He and Lord Mount Stephen (then plain George Stephen) were the promoters mainly interested in the construction of the road, for which—and partly, no doubt, because his childlessness obviated any possible objection to the creation of a hereditary peerage in Canada—the latter received the unprecedented distinction of a barony. It is not impossible that Lord Mount Stephen may be the next Canadian governor general, and certainly no one would be more welcomed by the people. Both he and Sir Donald, though more particularly the latter, are pleasantly noted for their philanthropy. Among their many beneficent acts, they built and endowed a hospital in Montreal a

few years ago, which cost more than a million dollars.

The Canadian Pacific owes its existence to the above named capitalists and the Dominion government, but much of its success is due to the present president and general manager, Sir William Van Horne. Like Mr. Hays, the recently appointed head of the Grand Trunk, Sir William was born in the State of Illinois, and his railroading experience was gained in the American West. He was general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul when he resigned to take hold of the embryonic C. P. R. Having been duly naturalized, he later received a knighthood of the order of St. Michael and St. George—a perquisite which seems to go with the prominent positions in the company. A great part of his leisure is spent in painting, one of his favorite jokes being to put fictitious names on works from his own brush and then invite criticisms. It is said that his salary is fifty thousand dollars a year—about one third more than the amount which tempted Mr. Hays from his command of the Wabash system to take charge of the Grand Trunk. Whether this latter gentleman will follow Sir William's example by becoming a British

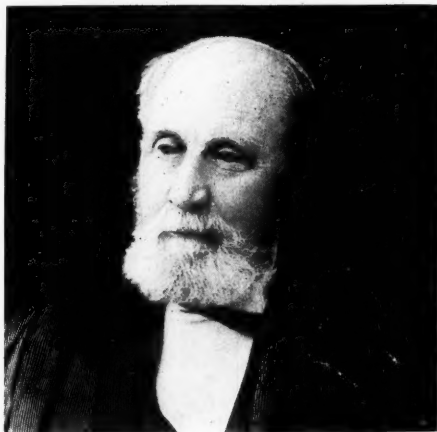


Professor Goldwin Smith.

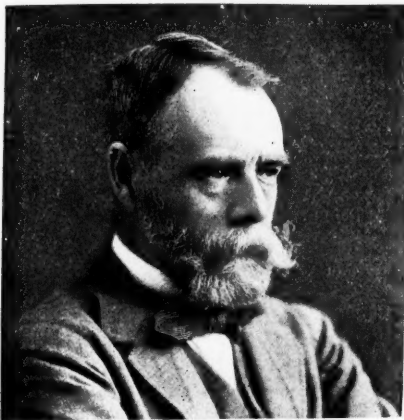
From a photograph by Bruce, Toronto, Ont.

subject, and incidentally, perhaps, a K. C. M. G., is a thing that the future holds secret.

The institution that comes in for the lion's share of Sir Donald Smith's munificence is McGill University, the Oxford of Canada. For many years the well known geologist, Sir William Dawson, was the university's principal, and it was chiefly through his management that it attained its present development. His successor, Dr. Peterson, hails from Scotland—a fact which, considering that Sir William was a Canadian born, is scarcely a compliment to the Dominion's progress in the world of science and learning. Previous to his appointment to McGill, Dr. Peterson had been principal of University College, Dundee, having reached



Sir J. W. Dawson, C. M. G., Formerly President of McGill University
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.



Lord Mount Stephen, the Only Canadian Peer.
From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

that position at the remarkably early age of twenty five.

Sir William Dawson is a peaceful old gentleman, whose retirement is devoted to scientific research and literary work, his favorite topic being the question of man's first appearance on earth, and the apparent conflict between biblical history and the facts of geology. He is quite unlike the clerical principal of Queen's University, the Rev. George Grant, who, aside from his collegiate duties, exercises a considerable influence in the political arena. Principal Grant is a strong advocate of imperial federation, and expresses his views forcibly. "The annexationist," he once declared, "at the outset surrenders

the name of Canada, with all it involves—its history, its constitution, its past struggles, its present life, its hopes and aims—as things absolutely worthless. Of course, to some men—and all cattle—such things are worthless."

Mr. Chamberlain and other English statesmen are displaying at least an academic interest in Mr. Grant's pet scheme, but its realization is probably far distant. It looks, however, as if the present Canadian government is prepared to move toward it, the first indication being to vote three million dollars for the thorough rearming of the colonial militia. The forces of the Dominion are under the command of Major General Gascoigne, who was appointed last summer, and has so far created a favorable im-



Charles M. Hays, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway.
From a photograph by Robertson, St. Louis.

pression. He has seen service with the British army in Egypt and in the Soudan, and amongst other engagements was present at Tel-el-Kebir.

Other prominent Canadians might with justice be mentioned, did not lack of space make it necessary to draw the line where notability ceases and importance begins.

Edgar Maurice Smith.



A SONG OF LONGING.

WHERE I with spring erewhile
Kept golden comradeship,
And saw her kindling smile
Illumine stream and tree,

Behold, is set the sign
Of one with numbing breath,
Who holds, through power malign,
White brotherhood with death !

Hushed is the lyric bough,
And not a ripple runs
To stir the reed bed now
With silvery benisons.

I list, and list in vain
For melody and mirth ;
O give me back again
The ardors of the earth !

Give me the fields I knew,
And not this blank despair—
The sun divine, the blue
Sweet vastitudes of air !

And then to crown my bliss,
To seal my rapturing,
Ah ! let me know her kiss,
The love kiss of the spring !

Clinton Scollard.





Princess Achille Murat (Miss Catherine Daingerfield Willis.)

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

THE HISTORIC ROMANCE OF THE VIRGINIA GIRL, WHO MARRIED THE SON OF THE
DETHRONED KING OF NAPLES—MME. MURAT'S LIFE IN FLORIDA AND IN
EUROPE, AND HER FRIENDSHIP WITH NAPOLEON III.

WHEN Louis Napoleon was a thin, rather shabby young man going about the world trying to make people believe that his castles in Spain would some day become veritable palaces in France, the most enthusiastic and sympathizing listener he found was the American wife of his cousin, Achille Murat. During the year she and her husband spent in London, the visionary, thin faced young Bonaparte was their constant guest. "When I

am emperor, Cousin Kate," he would say, "you shall have a chateau and everything you want in return for your kindness to me now." And she, accustomed to children's dreams, would say, "Yes! yes!" to it all, little thinking that the fairy tale would come true.

Catherine Murat was the daughter of Colonel Byrd Willis, of Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, and his wife Mary Lewis, the niece of General Washington. When she was fifteen she married a Scotch

gentleman named Grey. At sixteen she was a widowed mother. Before she was twenty three her father removed to Florida, where Tallahassee was then known as one of the social centers of the United States, and it was here she met Achille Murat, eldest son of the exiled King of Naples. He at once declared himself, in the fashion of that old day, as a suitor for her hand. The

wife, and his slaves, would have driven most women mad. He had a mania for cooking everything he could lay his hands on and trying to eat it. He has left a pathetic note that "alligator soup will do, but turkey buzzard is not good." Upon one occasion he induced the slaves to eat cherry tree sawdust, and nearly killed them all. Once his wife spent the day with a



Prince Achille Murat.

young widow looked at him with anything but favor. Though he was the nephew of one of the greatest emperors in history, he was also the grandson of an innkeeper, and the blood of the Murats was not considered to rival the blueness of the fair Virginian's. She shrugged her shoulders, and said that he "had no breeding." She herself was a beauty who had the manners of a queen, and who was accustomed to a queen's homage. But the prince's devotion conquered her at last, and they were married and went to their plantation home.

It was a lucky thing that beautiful Kate Murat had a sense of humor and grew to love her husband devotedly. The experiments which he tried upon himself, his

distant neighbor, and came home to see her husband, smoke begrimed, dirty, stirring clothes in a boiling kettle over a fire in the yard. He greeted her with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Kate," he said, "I have discovered a new dye, and I have made all your clothes a lovely pink!"

She found that in that witch's caldron was every gown she possessed except such as her maid had been able to hide from him. But madame did not storm. She sat down and laughed until she was exhausted.

Achille was the image of the great Napoleon, and the incongruity of his freaks was a source of continual amusement to his wife. He hated water. One day he was

showing William Wirt over his sugar plantation, when he slipped and fell into a vat of syrup. He climbed out ruefully, a mass of dripping stickiness.

"Oh, dear! Kate will make me wash!" he said disgustedly.

But eccentricities were not all of the heir to the throne of Naples. In spite of them, he was a brave, noble, and accomplished gentleman. He and his wife went to Europe for a few years, and there they made a notable addition to the family gatherings of the exiled Bonapartes. While in Belgium his likeness to the dead emperor drew old soldiers about him, and they formed a regiment which the King of Belgium was obliged to disband, as it menaced a neighboring state. There was a momentary chance that Achille would come at least to the steps of the French throne.

They tell a story of Mme. Murat in Belgium, that one day she went with a couple of friends to ride on a particularly mettlesome horse. It ran away with her, but she would not acknowledge that her physical strength was unable to control it. She let them admire her horsemanship, and think that it was a fashion in America to ride at breakneck speed.

After their return to America Achille studied law, and went to live in New Orleans, but he lost money in speculation and returned to Florida, to serve with distinction in the Seminole war. Through all that trying campaign his wife followed him, sharing his dangers. It is said that once he was so ill that she feared he would die, yet it was impossible even to have a light at night for fear of an attack by the Indians. She sat by him till dawn, in total darkness, putting her hand now and then before his lips to see if his breath still fluttered through them.

The prince died in 1847, and his widow settled at Tallahassee, in the quaint story and a half cottage which is pointed out to tourists today as her home. Two years later came the *coup d'état*, and Louis

Napoleon was at last on the throne, with his memory all alive for "Cousin Kate."

After the emperor's marriage she visited at the Tuileries, and the offer of the "chateau" was renewed; but Mme. Murat had a plantation and two hundred slaves in Florida, and she felt that her duty called her there. At the state dinner given in her honor, the empress absented herself that the emperor might take "Cousin Kate" on his arm and give her the seat beside him. It was said by those who thought little of Eugénie's manner as an empress that the place had never been so well filled as it was by the American princess.

Back in Florida, Mme. Murat took up the busy old life of the mistress of a great plantation, but she found time for endless outside work. It was mainly due to her exertions that Mount Vernon was preserved to the nation. Her life was a full and peaceful one until the war came and brought ruin. Her slaves looked to her for help and support, and she could not turn them away. She let them live on her plantation, selling her jewels for her livelihood, until she was reduced to her last penny. Then the kindness of the young American princess to the dreaming boy Bonaparte came back in the most approved fairy tale fashion. He had feared that she had met with reverses, and he sent her ten thousand dollars, telling her that the same sum would come as an annuity as long as she lived.

Not long after this she paid another visit to France, where she told the emperor the story of her suffering South, and asked why he had not come to its aid.

"Cousin Kate," he said, "you had my sympathy, but if I had done one thing to aid slavery, I should have had a mob in the Paris streets."

After a round of visits, Mme. Murat again returned to America, where she died the following year. The two simple graves in the old Episcopal graveyard in Tallahassee are among the few relics of royalty on this side of the world.

Elisabeth W. P. Lomax.





LOVE stayed her flight, long ages back,
When ranging down below,
And, pausing, whispered to the earth:
"Henceforth I come and go.

I come to set man's heart on fire,
To fan within the flame
That makes him yearn for deathless
things,
And win immortal fame.

I go to win him higher yet,
To make him feel the whole
Of this dull earth is not enough
To satisfy man's soul.

Love at the heart of all below
Will draw men to the height
From whence Love came, to where she
goes—
An ever upward flight."

Adeline Mary Banks.

THE STAGE

A PROPHET WHO HAS FOUND HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

During the latter half of a dramatic season more disastrous than any for many a year, there has been such a universal hue and cry raised against the imported play that one is almost inclined to fear an overdoing of the matter. It behooves our native playwrights, then, to be very careful what they serve up in this the hour of their opportunity, lest, if they fall short of what is expected of them, the pendu-

lum of fickle public taste should swing back across seas again, and the last state of things be worse than the first.

An interesting event of next season will be the reproduction here of Wilson Barrett's play, "The Sign of the Cross." It was originally brought out in America some three years ago, but failed to score, and was dropped from Mr. Barrett's repertoire. In January last, at a most critical period of his career, he presented the piece to a London audience, and made one of



Maud Hoffman.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.



Anna Robinson.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by J. Schloss, New York.



Mabel Stephenson (Mrs. A. J. Adams, Jr.)

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

the three pronounced hits of the year—"Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" being the other two. The play ran at the Lyric Theater far into the spring, and has placed Barrett once more in the front rank of British players. If the work succeeds in its new trial here, the English trademark may perhaps regain the prestige it has lately lost.

Maud Hoffman, who made her first professional appearance in Boston as *Juliet*, played *Berenice* when "The Sign of the Cross" was originally presented in this country. The part calls for strong manifestations of the emotion of jealous wrath, and her rendering won Miss Hoffman much praise. The scene of the play is laid in Rome under Nero, and the theme

shows the triumph of love and religion over passion and paganism.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF ANNA ROBINSON.

When Caroline Miskel married the author of "A Temperance Town," a grave responsibility rested upon the person chosen to succeed her as *Ruth*. In selecting Anna Robinson, Mr. Hoyt evidently made no mistake, as she was retained in the rôle for two seasons. But Miss

This season she and her sister Margaret were the twins in "The Governor of Kentucky" with Mr. Crane, and next fall she is to play with the new Brooks Miner syndicate.

"IN GAY NEW YORK."

For the last three years Canary & Lederer have followed a French idea and given each spring at the Casino a review of the theatrical season. "In Gay New York" is the 1896 suc-



Gertrude Elliott.

From a photograph by Bond, Rockland, Maine.

Robinson, young as she was, was well grounded in stage work from a happy experience that fell to her lot during her first engagement, six years ago.

Conceiving the idea of entering the profession, she went to Charles Frohman, then in the flush of his triumph with "Shenandoah," which he was about to send upon the road. He decided to give her a trial, and before she left the company she had played almost every female character in the piece. Again, a brief three months' "loan" to Richard Mansfield afforded her the chance to understudy all the leading parts in his repertory, with opportunities, too, of playing them. In this way she has had remarkable opportunities of acquiring a versatile training in the very best of acting schools, and of being at the same time on the pay roll.

cessor to "The Merry World" and "The Passing Show," and as vaudeville has carried off the cream of the business throughout one of the most disastrous periods in dramatic records, it ought not to be a difficult thing for Mr. McConnell to give variety to a concoction whose success depends on the amount of this element stirred into it.

Our picture of Mrs. Adams recalls one of the most taking features of "The Passing Show" in its early days. This was Mabel Stephenson, who burlesqued *Hannele*, the funereal child heroine of a realistic German importation that had wearied the critics and set the Gerry society by the ears. Miss Stephenson's impersonation of the weak witted maiden was as artistic in one way as the whistling and bird warbling she did a few moments later was in another, and when she married Albert James Adams, Jr.,



Etnel Knight Mollison.

From a photograph by Martin, Chicago.

a resident of New York, just a year ago, the stage lost a really promising artist.

TWO TALENTED GIRLS FROM MAINE.

Maxine Elliott has more common sense than most members of her profession. She has refused to let her head be turned by all the current talk about her beauty, and keeps working steadily along to perfect herself in the depiction of character by constant study of her art. Since leaving Daly's, she is besieged with offers to "star," but to them all she replies, "Yes, if you can give me a suitable play. The play's the thing, after all."

While her own plans for next season are still unformed, Miss Elliott takes the greatest possible enjoyment out of the promise shown by her younger sister Gertrude—"a mere slip of a girl," she calls her; "but wait till you see her act." She is pretty, too, as our portrait shows, and bids fair to win as high a place for herself as her sister has done. She has been playing with Marie Wainwright, such rôles as *Helen* in "The Hunchback" and *Lydia* in "The Love Chase." Of her work in the latter piece one critic writes: "The maid came near carrying off the honors of the production."

It will be interesting to watch the develop-



Charlotte Crane.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1896, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

ment of this talented sister of an artist so worthy as is Maxine Elliott of the esteem in which she is held by theater goers.

PHILADELPHIA'S STOCK COMPANY.

What the Castle Square is to Boston in light opera, the Girard Avenue Theater is to Philadelphia in comedy. Conducted by a brother of E. M. and Joseph Holland, with a weekly change of bill and "rock bottom" prices for seats, the Quaker City has had a very fair substitute for the "good old stock days" of which graybeard playgoers are so fond of prating.

Among the members of the regular company at the Girard Avenue is Ethel Knight Mollison, whose portrait is presented herewith. Miss Mollison has been on the stage only since

November, 1894, when she made her appearance in Philadelphia as *Nichette* in Olga Nethersole's production of "*Camille*." Later she followed the example of almost every professional of standing, and temporarily joined Mr. Daly's forces. Then she went to the Girard Avenue Theater, where she made a special hit as *Lady Thomasine* in "*The Amazons*," the mannish rôle created here by Elizabeth Tyree. As a complimentary critic rather aptly put it, she was "a sweet mixture of masculinity and herself."

THE YOUNGEST "BOSSY."

There are few, if any, younger leading women than Charlotte Crane, who has been playing *Bossy* in "*A Texas Steer*." She is

barely seventeen, and although this is her first season, *Bossy* was her second leading rôle, the first being *Carey* in "Alabama," the character created by Agnes Miller. Her initial appearance with this company in a minor part marked a double epoch in Miss Crane's life—her début upon the boards and her first wearing of a long dress. At the end of the week her manager asked her to take the place of the leading woman, who was suddenly called away.

of time as Sarah Bernhardt. The American public finds her doings, her whims and caprices, and her personality as interesting today as when, on her first memorable trip to the United States, she was heralded as a woman of most eccentric habits, preferring coffins to sleeping couches, and finding pet tigers and snakes more companionable than the fashionable poodle or Angora cat.

In the theatrical world she has made history,



Sarah Bernhardt—"I Want My Pictures to Catch Me Just as I Am in My Own Apartments."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

"I found it very hard work," Miss Crane naively says, in writing an account of the experience, "and many times in the emotional scene I went on with tears streaming down my cheeks. What people thought good acting was in reality my genuine distress at the thought that I did not read my lines as well as I should."

Although Miss Crane is still so young, she has succeeded in carrying out her hopes only by surmounting obstacle after obstacle placed in her way. But she loves her work, and nature has happily fitted her for it.

A DAY WITH BERNHARDT.

No woman of the century has held public interest at so high a pitch for so long a period

but her genius has never won greater approval than during her last visit. She herself acknowledges this, not without surprise. "*C'est incroyable*," she says, "*mon reception cette année!*"

The very name of Bernhardt brings with it a certain atmosphere of magic. Scarcely any one is more talked of, or has been more often described; but to gain anything more than a brief and formal interview with her is as difficult as to enter a royal palace. One may see her, touch the nervous, slender hand, hear the *voix d'or* murmur a few words, and then away she is whirled—the visitor is, and it is all over. A day with her is a privilege to be locked away in the storehouse of valuable memories. To very few comes an opportunity of really

knowing the woman whose art has held the old and new worlds spell bound for almost a generation.

"Come to me early tomorrow and have déjeuner," was madame's whispered invitation as she crossed the "coullisse" in a gold cloth gown with a wreath of flowers encircling her head, and a stem of lilies in her hand, ready for the last scene of "Gismonda."

So strongly was this picture impressed upon the writer's mind that it would not have been surprising, on being announced the next morning, to see a room of Oriental splendor, with its mistress languorously posing on downy couches, amid the drowsy fumes of incense. Instead, a voice called from another room:

"Attendez, attendez, you are in time for the photographs! I will be out in a moment."

No lilies and no incense came with Mme. Bernhardt's entrance. Like a happy go lucky boy she ran through the great doors, pulled

aside the curtains, called to the photographer, and greeted her visitor with the welcome that warm hearted genius gives to those whom it wishes to make happy. She well knows her power.

"Such happy hours we shall have now. Lord Byron"—for so she insisted on calling the photographer—"will take me in my rooms. I want my pictures to catch me just as I am in my own apartments. They are for *nos intimes* and for my family. Of course, stage pictures must be taken in the theater and at the gallery; but I enjoy these much more."

Off the stage Mme. Bernhardt's voice has a deeper tone than when heard *dans le scene*. While it fascinated her listeners, who sat at a great bay window, the representative of this magazine was wonderfully impressed by the youth of Mme. Bernhardt. In the full sunlight she sat, not one line marring the smooth, velvety texture of her skin. The blue



"We Often Spend Half an Hour This Way, I Accompanying Suzanne."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.



"This Will Please Maurice, Mon Fils."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

eyes—rare in color and expression—looked out from beneath the dark lashes, showing no sign of fatigue, although she has given more performances this winter than any other star before the public. The lithe figure moved with a rapid grace, and her laugh rang out with a silver note as she called to "Suzanne" to "come and sing for me while I play."

Leaning against the mantel, she made a graceful note in the dark room, wearing a trailing skirt of velvet with a short coat of the same material—the style of gown most affected by madame when off the stage. The full, lace

ruffled bodice peeped out when she moved, and great folds of the lace fell over the jeweled hand. The only ornaments on the coat were exquisite buttons of rare workmanship. Several chains were around her neck, all suggesting bizarre oriental art. With her hands in the pocket of her short jacket she paced the room, touching and smelling this flower, or asking who had sent the other vase of roses, while Mlle. Suzanne answered with apparent omniscience upon all topics, from the donors of the flowers to Mme. Bernhardt's future plans. Mlle. Suzanne is not only a clever actress in the French com-



"How I Look When I Go Down to Meet People.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

pany, but is madame's companion, living with her, and always *en evidence* wherever one sees the actress.

"This is the way we often spend a half hour, I accompany Suzanne; so let us be photographed this way, *n'est ce pas, ma chérie?*"

With great interest Mme. Bernhardt inspected the camera and the flash light apparatus. Finally all was ready, and with a "Steady!" from the photographer the light flashed through the room, followed by a stream of smoke. Madame laughed as she puffed out her cheeks to blow the vapor away, and seemed more than ever like a roguish gamin. Open went the windows, and though it was a cold day in early spring she stood there driving the smoke out.

"Now, come, another pose! Ah, this will please Maurice—*mon fils*. I shall be reading his paper, you know, in which he is so much interested."

So she was photographed again, standing by the mantel. She fell into each pose easily, never changing a line of her gown or allowing the photographer to make a suggestion. Everything must be perfectly natural, just as she was, without any studying out of effects.

The room was full of smoke, and she hurried out into the corridor.

"*L'escalier, l'escalier!* Ah, yes, I shall be taken there, and then I will see how I look when I go down to meet people."

Some one here reminded madame that—*on dit*—when she built a house in Normandy she determined to design it herself, and it was found that staircases had been entirely forgotten in her plans. A protest, but not a denial, was the answer to this.

"*Vite, vite, déjeuner!* We all are starved. Ah, I know Mme. Chartran is," she said, as she turned to her friend, the wife of the great painter, who after déjeuner was to carry us off to his studio to see the portrait M. Chartran was painting of Mme. Bernhardt. Then followed a pleasant hour, as we gathered around the table, while madame talked about art and the American stage.

"Only one fault have I to find with you here, and that is that you do not give your native talent enough credit. You follow too much, and wait too long for foreign approval. If your Julia Marlowe Taber, for example, would receive the recognition that is due her, she should go to London, and create a furor there, as Mary Anderson did; then you would appreciate her. Your beautiful Miss Anderson's greatest success in her country was after her London triumph.

"The greatest artist of today, I think," continued madame, as we lingered over a cup of mocha, "is Calvé. She gave me more pleasure when I attended her performance of 'Mefistofele' than I thought it possible for me to feel. Such a gloriously appealing voice, such histrionic abilities, linked in one person, seem almost too much of a gift." There was not a trace of artistic jealousy in her estimate of the famous singer, whose work she criticised in detail, and with enthusiastic appreciation.

As dish after dish of dainty viands passed, madame, in the most practical manner, asked the *garçon* how they were cooked, and told how she enjoyed concocting "good things to eat" in her chafing dish. A letter was handed to her—a letter of appeal, one of the hundreds that she receives every month. It was laid aside; it came from a man, and Mme. Bernhardt will help only women. For the woes of her own sex she has a warm sympathy, and thinks it her duty to relieve them whenever she possibly can.

"The funniest letter," she said, "that I received during this visit was from a man who wished to borrow an immense sum of money, and signed himself 'a countryman of yours, Schuff Schubert.' Apparently he thought I was a German."

Mme. Bernhardt delights in a good story, and in telling of the amusing experiences that have befallen her all over the world. "It is strange," she said, "that in the many voyages I have made, only once have I faced death. That was on board of a ship that was nearly wrecked. In all seriousness I can say that death has no horror for me. I do not want to die, but yet I have no fear of it."

Much has been written about her eccentricities. The scribbler usually delights in depicting the peccadilloes of a great genius. But her good nature and tolerance under trying circumstances show the amiable side of Mme. Bernhardt's character.

One Sunday night, when she was in New York, she was rehearsing "Magda" with her company. Two plays had already been gone through, it was almost midnight, and everybody was tired. In the second scene, when the time came for M. Deval to come on, no Deval was in sight. The action of the play was stopped. Every one called for the missing actor, and stage hands hurried about the theater to find him, but in vain, though he had been seen a few minutes before. Five minutes passed, and five more, and muttered imprecations were heaped on the defaulter's head. The writer, who was present, waited for a storm to burst, when Mme. Sarah was informed that Deval could not be discovered; but she merely turned to the company, and said in the gentlest tone: "I am sorry, you are all so tired, and have worked so hard!" She sat there, a model of patience, the calmest member of the company. Finally Deval entered, flustered and hurried. Surely now there would be an explosion. But no, she simply turned to the actor's wife with "Mme. Deval, please have a scene with your husband some time to-night; he really deserves it." Not a word of anger, only a look of reproach did she give him, and then the rehearsal went on.

As we looked over some photographs, Mme. Bernhardt never seemed so lovable as when she took up those of her beautiful daughter in law and of her son's child. Almost every second word was some affectionate reference to Maurice Bernhardt and his family. Her love for him is the strongest point in her life. "*Mon*

filis mon filis," she repeats, and her face lights up when she hears him mentioned in a tone of approval.

Wrapped in a French creation of lace, with a violet toque on her red gold hair, madame started for her drive to M. Chartran's studio, where her quick wit made the minutes fly while she gave the painter a sitting. On the way back she stopped to leave flowers for some sick French actress, reaching home in time for a hurried dinner before her departure for the theater.

That night the writer sat in the stage box, saw the surging mass of people who crowded the theater from gallery to orchestra, waiting for her, and watched her entrance as *Izeyl* in the poetic oriental play. Thunders of applause greeted her, and each act aroused still greater enthusiasm. It scarcely seemed possible that this heaven gifted creature could be the simple, genial companion of the morning and afternoon.

THE MARCH KING'S NEW CONQUEST.

Sousa knows what the people want, and gives it to them. "El Capitan" is an emphatic success. It is more original than any comic opera since "Robin Hood," and full of sparkle and dash and go. The marches have the true Sousa ring; they almost lift the audience to its feet. The book is clever. It has sufficient vigor to be self sustaining, a somewhat rare quality with the prevailing libretto. Charles Klein, the author, has written for Hopper, and written well. His lines fit.

Hopper has not been seen to such good advantage since "Wang." In fact, "El Capitan" is splendidly suited to the whole Hopper company, from the assumed bravado and real cowardice allotted to big De Wolf himself, to the whimpering plaints of little Alfred Klein. Edna Wallace Hopper infuses snap and spirit into a military rôle, and the topical song she sings with her husband and John Parr is delightfully droll. Alice Hosmer brings to the termagant princess all the vim and force the part demands, and Bertha Waltzinger's really sweet voice is heard to capital advantage.

Sousa's rise to fame has been rapid. He has had an exceptional manager in David Blakely. Mr. Blakely had a prophetic eye. When he interested himself in Sousa, the latter was the leader of a Washington band, and was little known to the world at large. Mr. Blakely had the courage of his convictions, and spent money unstintedly in bringing Sousa before the people. As a shrewd newspaper man, he knew how to spend it wisely and well. But all the management in the world cannot make a popular favorite out of mediocrity. The true merit must be there, and Sousa has it.

OPERAETTA IN THREE CITIES.

For more than a year now Bostonians have been enjoying light opera in delightful variety and at extraordinary prices. To be sure, the casts at the Castle Square Theater have not been of the stellar order, but with the best reserved

seats at fifty cents, and a change of bill almost weekly, this was hardly to be expected. None the less, providing an opportunity for the million to become familiar with good music at continuous show prices is an enterprise deserving of the success which it appears to have won. The "Four Hundred" of the Hub have by no means disdained to avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy an opera season "at cost," and some of the matinee audiences are made up largely of the "smart set."

Manager Pitou, of the Grand Opera House, is to do a somewhat similar service for New York, beginning this month with a revival of "Pinafore," and at the American we have Dorothy Morton in such pieces as "The Bohemian Girl."

"Miss Philadelphia" appears to have pleased Quakertown so greatly that we shall doubtless soon see other cities in the field with musical *mélanges* of their own fads and foibles, served up in "1492" style, with local coloring of the most pronounced stripe. Of course such concoctions will be useless for road purposes, and the road is the money maker nowadays. But the ingenuity of managers is boundless, and they may yet contrive some scheme whereby even a travesty on the idiosyncrasies of Hoboken or Oshkosh may be made acceptable everywhere.

"HIS ABSENT BOY" AND "THOROUGHbred."

These two comedies, both of foreign origin, have filled two houses whose record for the major part of the season has been one of comparative emptiness. This fact is the only excuse for linking their names together; the plays themselves differ widely. "His Absent Boy" is droll on the old lines, but then its material is generously cut. One is not constantly harassed by the thought that the plot is going to fall to pieces in the middle of the evening, because there is not enough of it to last out. The Garden Theater was closed more than once during the past six months for lack of a suitable attraction; hot weather will probably be the only cause of its closing now.

"Thoroughbred," at the Garrick, is exactly adapted to the class of patrons Charles Frohman desired to gain for the house he so kindly took off Mr. Mansfield's hands. Light in structure, daintily acted, presenting English and Americans on a commingled society footing, and seasoned with that dash of "horsiness" which is as far removed from horse play as a hobby is from a stable—the "smart set" have taken it up with real enthusiasm, and the Pompeian red audience room off Herald Square has become the spring trysting place of a throng that recalls the Horse Show.

"Thoroughbred" is presented with what has been called the "crack cast" of the season. The critic who so dubbed it evidently had not the fear of the "all star" company organized for "The Rivals" before his eyes. Nevertheless, these surely are six names to conjure with—Dixey, Mrs. Whiffen, Fritz Williams, Agnes Miller, Robert Edeson, and Joe Humphreys.

LATEST FADS

THE ORNAMENTED WHEEL.

America is always good natured. Our people dislike the sight of anybody in a state of vexation, and when "Ouida" took the trouble to write a long article in an English review upon the "Ugliness of Modern Life," and pointed many of her rhetorical arrows toward the bicycle, we felt that something must be done.

We couldn't give up the wheel, although we cringed before the stinging picture drawn by Mlle. de la Ramée's caustic pen of "the cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child." We cannot do much for the cad or his "shrill scream of laughter." We can discourage the knocking down of the "yearling child," by invoking the arm of the law, and we are trying to do away with the "ugliness" of the bicycle.

One large firm lately presented a comic opera queen with a gold bicycle, and offered to put diamonds at the ends of the handles if she would like to have them there. A young New Yorker of exquisite taste, and far too well mannered to run anybody down, has had one wheel of his machine plated with gold and the other with silver, and the handles made of lapis lazuli. The jewelers are making pearl handles, and ornamenting the wheels of fashion, and the handsome leather tool cases which are part of their accessories, with gold and silver monograms. One bicycle is not considered by any means an equipment for a young man or woman of modish ways. The machine must match the costume and suit the hour of the day. For early morning a wheel of dark brown, mounted with russet leather and silver, exactly matches a suit of heather mixture. Later in the day, violet cloth finds its corresponding detail in a wheel with violet enameled metal and gold.

"Ouida" need utter no more complaints concerning the bicycle. Since these luxurious innovations have come in, we may not have entirely rid ourselves of the "cad," but he is too solemn a creature for "shrill laughter," and too much borne down with his own magnificence to do more than turn his wheels. Even the "yearling child" stands in no danger from him. If he "scorched," the whole effect of his decorated bicycle would be lost. He must pedal slowly, and give an admiring world a chance to behold its glories.

Next year's Easter "dress parade" may be transferred from Fifth Avenue to the Boulevard, and the paraders may be awheel instead of afoot.

THE BICYCLE TEA.

The picnic of early American life has been wrapped up and filed away, as it were, in those social archives which supply material to Miss

Mary E. Wilkins. The modern substitute is the "bicycle tea."

Al fresco repasts become more and more popular as people live out of doors more and more. Residents in those parts of the country where the word "picnic" denotes a Sunday school function, seeing a party of young people seated, plate on knee, in some woodland glade, might imagine that an old fashioned event of the semi ecclesiastical description was going forward. But a closer inspection would show a sad difference. The white gown and ribbons of the maiden youth have departed, to give place to leggings and stout Norfolk jackets. There are no screams at spiders, no fainting fits at sight of an inoffensive garter snake. There is no time for the boat on the river, no horse for the long drive, no hammock for the lazy swing. The rubber tired wheel waits against the fence while the rider eats sanitary food prepared by a good cook. The insipid lemonade, the indigestible cake, the dubious salad, the leaden pie of other days are left behind. The "bicycle tea" has been an "order" to a caterer, and when the short wait is over the dishes are packed in a tin box on three pneumatic tired wheels and trundled back to his establishment. Ask a bloomer girl to pack up soiled dishes! She would hurl back *Chimmie Fadden's* most scornful "Nit!"

The hills have forgotten the echo of college songs, for a bicyclist needs his breath. A "long day in the country" used to mean a loaf under the leafy tents of a wood. Nowadays it means a century run.

PERSONAL DINNER CARDS.

At first glance there might appear to be a pretty compliment in the "personal dinner card" which each guest now finds lurking beside his plate; but the idea has some disadvantages. Its charm consists in the tact of the hostess who has been clever enough to select the particular thing for which we like to be remembered, and to call the attention of ourselves and her other guests to the accomplishment of which we are most proud. When she has not been so lucky, there is an abrasion to delicate feelings which sometimes casts a gloom over the table, be its wax lights ever so abundant.

It is said that every general owns two horses—one steady and sedate, which carries him into the stress of battle, and another, gay and curvetting, which he rides on parade. Most people who possess any energy of mind live by one art or profession and like to consider themselves adepts in another. It is the parade horse which the judicious hostess selects for illustration on the personal dinner

card. The man who is famous as a maker of railroads, and who now and then falls over a fence while arrayed in a pink coat, will be delighted if you put on his card a hound, a hunting horn, and something about the "cloudy skies" that "proclaim a hunting morning," while he will sit glum if you show him a locomotive. The architect will flush and lift his eyebrows at the hostess who thinks she has been delightfully clever when she adorned his card with spires and porticos and "He builded better than he knew." If she shows him the fiddle wherewith he loves to bore his friends, and a note or two, he bows his delighted appreciation of the woman who understands him.

After a season's reading of personal dinner cards, a man ought to have a first rate idea what his "best foot" looks like to outsiders. It is the desire of everybody who designs one of these cards to give him a sketch of it; but the result is sometimes a little bewildering.

ELECTRIC TABLE DECORATION.

The application of electricity to interior decoration is calculated to bring joy to the heart of the seeker after novelty. Especially in the furnishing forth of the table is it a welcome innovation. Flowers, ferns, and ribbons are all very well in their way, but we have had much of them, and here is a new effect to take their place, or rather to lend them added charms. For electricity can hardly be employed alone with satisfactory results, while in conjunction with floral decoration it accomplishes wonders.

It is said that for a dinner given by one of his friends Mr. Edison, surnamed the Wizard, planned the following novel feature: a miniature pond was constructed, in which swam half a dozen live goldfish, each having a tiny incandescent light concealed in his digestive apparatus—a literal case of interior decoration. The floating lamps were lit by means of a slender wire passing through the fish's mouth to a storage battery. For this story we refuse to be responsible. If it is true, it is to be hoped that none of the guests belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

What might cause annoyance to a goldfish, however, works like a charm when tried upon a rose. At several dinners this spring the queen of flowers has been thus illuminated, and with great success. A singularly beautiful effect was obtained by studding the bottom of an ample crystal dish with small globes, and sending a flood of light up through violet tinted water, on the surface of which floated great yellow pansies.

Here again, of course, the eternal question of money arises. One cannot indulge in electric table decoration unless one is prepared to foot an imposing bill. But after all, it is hardly more expensive than the elaborate center pieces which have already figured at swell dinners. One New York florist has sent in—and, what is more wonderful, collected—an account of over five hundred dollars for

decorating one dinner table. It would be an extensive electric plant that could surpass this record.

And where shall we draw the line? We may yet see dinners where the oysters, reed birds, and ices are all brilliantly illuminated with different tints, and where the interior of the entrées is revealed by a Roentgen ray apparatus. We are prepared for anything.

THE DELFT MANIA.

The craze for Delft has reached such a point that the art journals which tell you how to paint a drainage tile peacock blue, and border it with apple blossoms, as a receptacle for umbrellas, are getting out "Delft supplements," showing the amateur exactly how to turn the commonest of white china into the favorite brand. Supposedly, the only thing necessary is to have a blue windmill painted on it.

Already our wall paper and carpets and coal scuttles are blue and white "to match," and there is a rumor that the bodies of this season's yachts are to be painted Delft blue, so that with their white sails and the agreeable hue of sea and sky the picture may be complete. Paintings have come down from dining room walls, to make places for the thick and hideous china plaques, not one in ten of which has the least artistic value. The most absurd and ridiculous subjects have been used in the amateur decorations. The latest was a large plaque with an empire border, across which was painted a row of Frederic Remington Indians.

Everything that can possibly be twisted into a decoration is destined to be pictured in amateur Delft before the wave passes by. We may expect to see Delft churches and Delft street cars ere long.

PORTRAIT PIPES.

Some recaller of the "good old times" says that we never see a woman blush nowadays. Perhaps not; but we can see "color in her face," if we watch the pipe bowl of her masculine admirer.

A fair index of a country's social progress is given by the ideals of its femininity. In this century we have seen the women of one decade embroidering smoking caps and jackets, and those of the next period hiring halls wherein to lift their voices and denounce the tobacco habit. It was the flower of today that conceived the idea of having her face carved on the bowl of a pipe. Rudyard Kipling's song of a cigar, in which he reminded mankind that

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke,

probably suggested to some ingenious maiden that the thought of the two might be combined with advantage.

If the fad continues, a man's pipe rack will become as varied as his memories, and much more lasting. A meerschau pipe upon which a pretty girl's face is carved is not a thing to be lightly destroyed, nor is it a thing to return to the fair owner. What can she do with it?

She cannot put it among her treasures, a constant reminder that once she loved and was loved, with an intensity proportionate to its hue; for the telltale nicotine will show how long the pipe was used. She cannot give it to another man, because he may desire always to see the woman he loves pure white, and even one breath of smoke drawn through the carved face will have dimmed its purity, and will tell him the story plainer than any words. There is nothing for the smoker to do but keep it. It may be a chastening reminder to his conscience. He may, in a reflective mood, look upon some face whose day was so short that it was hardly worth while to have stained the bowl with the weed. He may see another whose rich and glowing color tells of long hours they have passed together, but which was finally put aside for a newer pattern.

It would be wise, perhaps, to have the fashion extend to married people only. Otherwise its results bid fair to be a little painful.

THE "ARTISTIC GIRL."

When Mr. Charles Dana Gibson returned from his famous "style broadening" trip to France, and began publishing slapdash pictures of Parisian types, he gave the first impetus to the "artistic girl" movement. The photographs of that celebrated Parisian beauty, Mlle. Mérode, have done the rest. The word striking, applied to women, has come to have a new significance, and to deserve it one must be eccentric as well as beautiful in appearance. Moreover, striking beauty is not merely a birthright. A careful study of Mr. Gibson's types and of Mlle. Mérode's *coiffure*, and a policy of close imitation, will—given reasonably good material to work upon—produce that latest type of modern femininity, the artistic girl.

In the days when our fathers tripped the light fantastic at the old Delmonico "cheap and hungries," the artistic girl was a thing unknown. She remained in that condition till about two years ago, but today she reigns supreme. Do not imagine that because she is called "artistic" this delectable maiden wields the palette and the brush, the chisel and the hammer, the pencil and the pen. She is artistic in a passive, not an active sense. To particularize, she has arched eyebrows, and her gowns are fearfully and wonderfully made. Her hair is parted in the center, and falls smoothly across her ears. She wears a fillet of silver across her forehead. She has met "Dick" Davis, and is aggressively communicative of the fact. She has studied Delsarte, "adores" Paderewski, and most alarmingly resembles a Beardsley poster.

This is the girl of the hour, as distinctly new as if she had dropped from Mars. Never have we beheld her like before; never, probably, shall we look upon her like again. She tells you that she has dabbled in French and Italian, and you may perhaps be innocent enough to suppose that this signifies her to be a mistress of both. In reality she can say "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," and "*Dolce*

far niente," with a tolerable accent, and beautifully useful these phrases are.

To continue our catalogue of the artistic maiden's charms, she has a strange little trick of shrugging her shoulders—which trick she tells us she has picked up somewhere, and which is, of course, thoroughly Parisian. Her exclamations are *phlut!* and *lalala!* and she drifts down the avenue dreamily, her eyes on the dim hereafter and her thoughts a million miles away, cheerfully cutting her friends and coming perilously near to being run down by passing vehicles. It is a fine thing to be an artistic girl, but woe betide the unhappy man who marries her! She is one vast fad, in dress, in speech, and in appearance. As a helpmate she is a grotesque failure, for she has been so busy making herself artistic that she has forgotten to learn whether lamb chops come by the yard or the bushel, and whether babies subsist upon bananas or *pâté de foie gras*.

Lowell somewhere says, "It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough." This fad of the hour, the artistic girl, would no doubt bitterly resent being told that she is "left in the rough," but what else can we truthfully say of her?

Of all fads, the living fad is undoubtedly the least agreeable.

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY.

We have been solemnly warned that the use of perfumes, or even an appreciation of them, is an alarming token of moral and physical degeneration. The warning, however, seems to do little toward their decline in the classes where they were used. Pink note paper and patchouli have been as close companions as "gents" and "pants," though none of the four ever seemed likely to touch any element of society that knew or cared whether it was degenerate or not.

But some caprice has changed all this. It may be the ferment of degeneration which is responsible, or it may not; but the news has gone to far Cathay that the woman who presides over New York and London tea tables wants something beside the cheer of the cup. She has a sense that demands more than it has been getting, and the wily Chinese are giving it to her. Today miladi drinks a brew made of tender buds of the tea plant dried with heavily perfumed flowers. Where the familiar aroma of the *Thea Sinensis* once arose, the air is heavy with an incense-like vapor.

As you come close to a devotee of this new ichor, you may perhaps perceive a subtle odor which seems to surround her, and you wonder if it is the effect of scented tea. She will let you think so, because she is shy of a certain little steel instrument which lies at home, carefully hidden. The hypodermic has been so long associated with morphine that woman is chary of acknowledging its use for any purpose, but it is a fact that she has taken to using

it for perfumes. One little needle prick, a push, and a powerful essence travels swiftly through the veins, making her body into a fragrant rose.

Alas! These are the latter days when women offer incense instead of receiving it!

THE WANING OF "LIGHT TALK."

Taking as their cue the famous definition of an afternoon tea by that gentle cynic Oliver Wendell Holmes—"gabble, gobble, and git"—philosophers have bitterly assailed the devotees of the weather for the inanity of their conversation. Too often the reproaches have been well deserved. That invaluable topic, the weather, has done duty until it is a-weary, and still it is employed to some extent by lads and lassies whose minds incline to dances and to teas. But of late there has arisen in sweldom a disposition to talk more seriously; and while it has not as yet been productive of great results, the tendency is at least a move in the right direction. At a latter day dance, mention of the weather is met with scornful smiles, and the talk soon drifts to cathode rays, Presidential possibilities, and wars and rumors of wars. The man who thinks is having his innings, and the man who has never thought before is forced to do so now, or to pretend to, if he would keep up with the procession.

Hence come curious results. Tell it not in Gath, but society is not always omniscient. Indeed, at times it is densely ignorant upon subjects supposed to be matters of common information. When your debutante, or your young clubman, begins to declaim, it may happen that he speaks with the tongues of men and of angels upon topics of which he knows nothing whatever, and of which—such is human nature—for that very reason he discourses the more mellifluously. An instance of this was a conversation held not long since between several society leaders upon the supposititious bombardment of New York by a British fleet, wherein one man vocally disported himself, asseverating that shells could be thrown into Harlem from beyond Sandy Hook, and quoting in proof thereof the names of various battle ships whose guns could fire the requisite distance. These oral gymnastics were hailed with approval, and the self appointed oracle smiled with learned superiority. Mayhap it was hypercritical to note that no such battle ships exist, albeit the names were euphonious, and might be adopted with advantage for the next English cruisers!

It may be that the conscientious warfare waged by the philosopher and the humorous weekly is having its effect, and that society twaddle is doomed. These are days of great events on land and sea—so great, indeed, that they can hardly fail to attract the attention of even the most inveterately vacuous proser. At all events, there are signs of a change. It is distinctly a fad to be "posted" nowadays, and, even if the information we glean be a trifle contorted, we bring away from a latter day cotillion more than tired feet and an armful of

favours. Are we returning to the fashions of long ago, when men's letters were essays, and their conversations as elaborate as lectures?

FREAK PERIODICALS.

A fad of the past year, and one that seems to be still on the increase, is what may be colloquially termed the "freak periodical." Its name is legion, and each new representative of the species is, if possible, more preposterous than the last. The earlier examples had, in their own peculiar way, some claim to merit; but each successive imitator seems to be less sane and more grotesque. As a rule the editors are young men—very young, lamentably young, with adolescence cropping out in every line they write, and a craving for notoriety leading them into the wildest eccentricity. In some instances they are not yet out of college, and having no intimate knowledge of the world they apparently conceive it to be a mastodon football, especially designed by a beneficent providence to afford them an object at which to kick. They rave furiously, tearing at popular idols, and beating in impotent rage at accepted standards. They delight to pose as iconoclasts. Their tirades against successful authors, and against their big brothers in the magazine world, are interrupted by spasms of rage against each other, when, as Mr. Stephen Crane would say, many red devils run from their hearts and out upon the page. To the outsider this internecine war savors of farce comedy, and recalls the desperate war between the frogs and the mice; but to the little combatants it is a great and terrible thing. Many die of it.

Nothing succeeds like success, and no fact is so irritating to the unsuccessful. The fury of the freak magazines is, no doubt, strongly tinged with envy. Where and how they obtain contributors, and where and how subscribers, must for all time be a matter of mystery. Their poets refuse to be bound down by trivial rules of rhythm and of rhyme, and their prose writers seek out strange expressions wherewith to make the reader stare. Their type is marvelous to behold, and their paper gives evidence that it was originally designed to wrap groceries or adorn walls rather than to be printed upon. In their general makeup they recall the Episcopal confession—they do that which they ought not to do, and they leave undone that which they ought to do.

And so these little papers arise and rave and vanish into the oblivion from which they came—scores of them, a new birth and a resultant death every week; for they die almost as fast as they are born. It would be poor testimony to the public's judgment if they did not. They are curious little literary fads, with no apparent purpose save to be very testy and peevish. The matter has its humorous side, but it is pitiable to think how hopeful the editors must be, and how swiftly and surely comes the conviction that the great world is too busy to heed them.

LITERARY CHAT

"SUMMER READING."

June finds the publishers putting out books which are considered to have the qualities that make them peculiarly fitted for "summer reading." They must be light and bright, with sustained interest sufficient to keep the eye from wandering, and yet with no suspicion of heaviness. It takes a man of talent to write a successful summer story. A man of genius is likely to have no coin quite small enough.

This year we have two books which are likely to be seen in every hammock from Atlantic City to Bar Harbor—"The Babe B. A.," by Mr. Benson, the creator, or rather the historian, of *Dodo*; and "Cinderella," by Richard Harding Davis. The first edition of "Cinderella" was sold before the printers had begun to set it up.

Robert W. Chambers, whose "King in Yellow" was talked about a good deal, has out a sprightly book called "A King and a Few Dukes," which reminds one that "The Prisoner of Zenda" is still fashionable. Mr. Hope's book holds its own with the best of them, the book sellers say. "Trilby," on the other hand, is commercially dead, and scarcely one copy a month leaves the shelves.

Mr. Crawford comes into the summer list with "Adam Johnstone's Son." They used to say that Mrs. Henry Wood wrote three hundred and sixty five novels a year, and on leap years three hundred and sixty six. It begins to appear that Mr. Crawford has the same ready talent. Mrs. Wood's novels used to consist chiefly of plot; but a trifling detail like that seems to be immaterial to Mr. Crawford. Nevertheless, he writes a fairly good story, even on his busiest day.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan" is another story which the publishers expect to be popular. It is the story of an Irish-woman who was a contractor—a fresh and readable story, but not an extraordinary one. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the author and artist, should know everything concerning the life depicted in "Tom Grogan," for Francis H. Smith, his business self, is a civil engineer.

IMITATIVE LITERATURE.

It might be expected that a literary mind would contain sufficient of the salt of humor to prevent its possessor from making his work ridiculous. If such were the case, the public would be spared some inflictions.

The imitator is the solemn clown of letters in this decade. Every author with a particular bent of mind, who writes a book on new lines, becomes a victim of these stupid followers. He cannot help seeing the world as he does, and he is so certain that his is the correct point of view that he starts out with vivid interest to prove his ground. Human nature is so con-

structed that one man is the opinion maker for thousands, the medium through which many see life; and the enthusiast, the believer in himself, the discoverer of new ways, is always sure, in our enlightened and curious age, of his fame and his following. His honors arouse the cupidity of the imitator.

Thus it is that Stevenson has been responsible for the shedding of more blood—on paper—than was lost at Gettysburg. Thomas Hardy might put his hands to his head and groan over the number of "falls" that can be put down to his account; while Barrie has let loose upon us all the dialect and cheap sentiment left in Scotland. Each of these men was a master; each had a new note to sound. Their methods have been taken up by the armies of cheap imitators, and the good natured and indolent book reviewers have given to these latter the ear of the public. It is only necessary to compare one book by the original leader with the machine made stuff of his followers, to see the difference.

A JOKE THAT FAILED.

We haven't anything better, in his way, than Andrew Lang. Mr. Zangwill amuses us sometimes with his rather labored *mots*, which his friends so kindly circulate and advertise for him. From James Payn's sick room there come sunny gleams that give us a smile; but Mr. Lang always has a light and pleasant touch. Sometimes his humor is too delicate for the British downrightness to which he is obliged to look for an audience. The other day, in a playful moment, he invented some "Answers to Lady Correspondents," and he made one of the questioners ask for the author of the line "Life is real, life is earnest." In his answer he insinuated that the sentiment might have emanated from Lord Macaulay. If he had been writing for the American public he would doubtless have ascribed it to Mr. Hamlin Garland, or perhaps to Mary Ellen Lease, the political orator of Kansas.

But Mr. Lang was not to be left in ignorance, if the British public knew itself and its Yankee literature. He was snowed under with anxious letters assuring him that the lines belonged to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

MR. CLEMENS AND MLE. D'ARC.

There is no end to the Joan of Arc books. Besides Lang's "Monk of Fife," and Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections," Mrs. Oliphant is at work upon one, and there are two or three by the imitators who use the other men's material and clamor at their heels.

The foolish pretense of hiding the author of Mr. Clemens' biography of the French heroine has done very little to advertise the book. It has not been half as efficacious as

the declaration of Mark Twain as the author would have been. The publishers tell us that the work is the result of twelve years' serious study. It may be, but it only illustrates the rather vulgar adage that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. Mr. Clemens spent more than twelve years in learning the peculiar expressions of the American West, and even after twelve years of saturation in the records of ancient France he has made *Joan* and her companions speak and act like the people he knew best. There is not a page of the large book which Mr. Du Mond has so beautifully illustrated that does not show the peculiarities of the Mark Twain we all knew. Although the subjects are so widely different, it is the same voice, with the same intonations, and much the same vocabulary, that tells the story of "Huckleberry Finn" and of "Joan of Arc." The narrator may dress in medieval armor and call himself "Sieur Louis de Conte," but the drawl and the humorous vision of Mark Twain betrays him.

After all, "Huckleberry Finn" is the better book, and will do more for its author's reputation than this rather labored work over which he spent twelve years.

ROBERT BARR'S NEW STORY.

People may read morbid books; they may fill their minds with problems concerning every known trait in human nature; they may be philosophers, or they may be degenerates, but an absolutely fresh *story* charms them when they find it. Marion Crawford says—and everybody knows that it is true—that the demand for clever, wholesome books far exceeds the supply, and that the world waits for each new one and greets it with gladness.

Mr. Robert Barr has done something toward increasing this supply in "A Woman Intervenes." There is not one single problem in it, but there is a very natural, very worldly, very womanly journalist, in whom we delight. But then "character sketching" is not what Mr. Barr set out to do. Indeed, his characters haven't one bit of art. Nobody is going to sigh, and think, and wonder what they did in "coming years." Nobody cares. They are not of any particular importance except to keep along a plot which gets deeper and deeper, and which keeps us reading, wondering how it is all going to come out. Of course, in the good old fashioned way, it all comes out right in the end, and we like everybody, and close the book with quite a youthful and joyous little thrill.

There may be heavier books, more learned books, more complex books, but—if you are a man, did you ever go to a dance, and see a dignified, learned, elegant woman sitting in one corner, and in the other a bit of bright eyed frivolity waiting for a chance to dance? Which corner did you generally choose?

A LITTLE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

There is generally some one book which is a fad, which everybody reads and presses upon

visitors, and whose characters form part of society's jargon for the space of its dominion. Not to know it argues you as belonging to the utterly unknown. Readers are not always sure why they have chosen the book, and in fact they have not done so at all; it has been chosen for them. They have a stock lot of rapturous epithets which they know must fit it, because they have heard them applied to it so often.

The pet volume of the present moment is of the "quaint" and "lovable" order. It is bound in the fashionable hue, and it is the belle of books. Mr. Andrew Lang introduced it into society. It is a simple little child's story called "The Invisible Playmate," in which there is more than a touch of the supernatural. At a casual glance, it is hard to understand the sensation the book has made, but a careful reading carries you into the heart of it until the fascination fastens itself upon you, and you are deep in the illusion, even while you are admiring the wonderful literary workmanship. It is a father's story of his little girl's short life, and it tells how her pure child's heart left her in touch with the invisible world. It will take its place as quaint literature in a little while, but today it is the *pièce de resistance* of afternoon teas.

MR. CROCKETT ON LOW LIFE.

To the glory of an emancipated reading public, be it noted that it is a matter of no particular importance whether or no Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and his fellow gods of the magazine world are, as Mr. Ford would say, "down on low life." The stories that the world reads today are those which it sees fit to read, and not those which a clique of self ordained censors deigns to recommend. There is a wide spread craving to know "how the other half lives," which finds satisfaction in the latter day fiction of the slums. A single year has seen the publication of "Chimmie Fadden," "Tales of Mean Streets," "A Daughter of the Tenements," "A Princess of the Gutter," and, last and best, Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City." All these have been readily sold and eagerly read, and no doubt a conviction has been borne in upon Mr. Johnson that it is a mistake to be "down on low life" when abler men are proving themselves up on it.

The only mistake in Mr. Crockett's new book is the attempt to make a consecutive novel of what would be an excellent collection of short stories. The thread connecting the chapters is at best a slender one, and oftentimes is entirely invisible. Viewed as independent sketches, related only in the names of the characters, the adventures of *Cleg Kelly* are glowing examples of their creator's versatility, and suggest to what heights *Chimmie Fadden* could be raised in a chronicle of his more serious actions. To be sure, *Cleg* and *Chimmie* are as different as east and west, but they are both sons of the slums, and, while Mr. Townsend strove only to show the infinite

humor of a Bowery boy, Mr. Crockett has drawn his Edinburgh gamin with a finer touch. We find in him not only humor, but other qualities which are pretty sure to bring *Cleg* close to every heart.

Mr. Crockett's book is of course strongly impregnated with dialect, and to those who cannot understand the intricacies of the Scottish tongue this will prove a serious objection. In moments of great mental excitement, *Cleg's* language is of a surprisingly convoluted nature, and his fellow characters do not illumine the dialogue particularly when their turn comes round. "That's gye sair shauchelt," remarks one, and another lucidly observes, "Three at a whup disna gang wi' cancy-lairies in the cabbage plots, my lad."

These are deep waters, but some of us have learned not to seek for pearls in shoals. Mr. Crockett is always worth diving for, even through fathoms of Edinburgh brogue. *Cleg Kelly* has no lack of shrewdness, though perhaps his own boon companions of the South Back are alone able entirely to appreciate his expression of it. The gamin's better instincts would put the vaunted chivalry of prouder personages to blush, and in his very worst moments, when his powers of repartee burst into full flower, and he devises ingenious methods of revenge, we cannot but feel that he is more sinned against than sinning, and admire him for dealing to a persecuting world good measure of its own coin.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

Mr. Allen may be the man who laughs last in the war upon his "hilltop novels." Of course nobody believes now that he wrote them for any of the high moral purposes he announced. We, the public, have discrimination enough to lump the preface with the rest of the fiction. If "good sellers" are what Mr. Allen is after, we are all helping him, so he cannot complain.

It is almost worth while to wade through the swamp of Mr. Allen's latest to appreciate the fun of Mr. Traill's "Barbarous Britishers; A Tip-Top Novel." His parody of the solemn preface is good. He says:

Do not imagine for a moment that I have said anything I don't think. Absurd as some of my opinions may seem, I really hold them. What I complain of is that I have all along held more absurd opinions still, which owing to the cowardly cringing of editors to common sense, I have had to suppress.

Matthew Arnold, serious essayist, said long ago: "Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read one with amused pleasure. I wonder if it is by that demon Traill!"

"That demon Traill" is trying to send Mr. Grant Allen spinning to the bottom of his hill, but we can assure him that the task is hopeless. All that Mr. Allen wants is advertising, and even Sarah Grand has gone out of her way to give it to him, and of exactly the sort he needs. She says that "Mr. Allen evidently wishes us to return to the morals of the poultry

yard"—a remark that is just unpleasant enough to be a fitting commentary upon Mr. Allen's books.

MISS CORELLI CARVES "CAMEOS" AND CRITICS.

We are convinced that in "Cameos" Miss Marie Corelli, the priestess of esotericism, has found her true level. We state this not so much as our conscientious verdict on this her latest book as from prudential motives. For Miss Corelli has been good enough to say that in America she looks for candid and responsible criticism, while in her own land she expects nothing but prejudice and mercenary motives. This would seem to be a trifle severe upon English critics, but in extenuation it must be remembered that Miss Corelli has suffered severely at their hands, and in despair has turned to us for appreciation. She does not ask for favor. "At least read my books before you slate them," is her plea; and we agree with her in saying that a majority of American reviewers feel in duty bound to glance through a work, at least, before they give forth the unqualified praise or the sardonic condemnation which are alike distasteful to a conscientious writer—for in this age of the world it is well nigh impossible for any book to be the best or the worst ever written.

Unfortunately, a just criticism of Miss Corelli is not necessarily a favorable one. She may believe that American critics are even handed, but the fact remains that here, as elsewhere, her work is strongly assailed. We ourselves have made bold to attack "The Sorrows of Satan" and her other unintelligible flights of fancy; and it is for this very reason that we take pleasure in commenting favorably upon "Cameos."

These short stories are unexpectedly free from skyrocket theories and dark, mysterious hints anent the powers of darkness and of light. In but one instance, "The Distant Voice," does Miss Corelli give rein to her conception of a future state, and even here her unmitigated fancy is not aggressive. The two stories containing ghosts are not in the least iconoclastic, but merely productive of a still, small shiver if the hour be midnight and one's nerves unstrung.

Miss Corelli has a shrewd insight into society which, unaccompanied by a panorama of demons and heavenly hosts, will be appreciated. In "Three Wise Men of Gotham" and "Angel's Wickedness" she has told two clean cut stories, the first clever and epigrammatic, the second forceful and of a delicate pathos. The best thing in the book is "An Old Bundle," which of all the tales is most deserving of the general title. It is indeed a cameo, and one of singular charm.

Yes, Miss Corelli has found her level. If this is not the best work she can do, it is at all events the best she has yet done. If she will henceforth consent to write rationally, and forswear her habit of floating half way between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's tomb, the

critics and she may yet become reconciled to each other.

“THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE.”

Mr. Harold Frederic has made his début as a novelist with a book entitled “The Damnation of Theron Ware.” Mr. Frederic is favorably known to us by his foreign letters to the *New York Times*, and those who have followed his work closely will not be surprised to find in his first novel proof that he is entitled to high rank in literature. The book deals with the fall from grace of a young Methodist minister, *Theron Ware*, who is what is popularly known as the “hero” of the story; but he differs from other heroes in that no justification of his actions is offered by his creator. His personality is one which it is difficult to view with favor. Weak, vacillating, and egregiously conceited, his downfall is eminently deserved, and Mr. Frederic makes no attempt to palliate his offenses or divert their consequences. When he falls, he falls with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired.

It is a favorite trick of latter day writers to create a distinctly disagreeable character who wades through depths of mire, and emerges crowned with a halo of glory, triumphing over the forces of evil. Take the case of Mrs. Burnett’s “*Lady of Quality*,” in which the heroine drinks, swears, and generally misbehaves during the early stages of the story, commits a murder, and finally develops into a model of virtue. She has been most justly criticised as untrue to nature, for even in these days of erratic conceptions we do not like to see crime and dishonor go scot free.

To Mr. Frederic such a plot is evidently repugnant. *Theron Ware* is nothing if not human. He is drawn with a fidelity that commands attention, for it is palpable that his depicter is no more prejudiced in his favor than the average reader of the book will be. He views him with an impartial eye, and does not attempt to pervert natural consequences. We are told that the wages of sin is death, and though Mr. Frederic leaves *Ware* alive and apparently cheerful at the end of the book, we realize that his moral death is complete.

“The Damnation of Theron Ware” is in many ways an unpleasant story. There is not a single character in it that arouses sympathy. Even *Ware’s* wife, who is fearfully upright, is one of those good hearted and well meaning persons whom to know is infinite boredom, and as for the revivalist, *Mrs. Soulsby*, she is so frankly a woman with a past that even her natural sweetness of disposition does not wholly redeem her. Yet taken merely as a story, without reference to the good or evil qualities of individuals, Mr. Frederic’s book is worthy of him. It is strong and vigorous, briskly and epigrammatically told, and, above all, human from start to finish.

GOOD FICTION BY MRS. WARD.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Frederic’s book, but equally able, is “*A Singular Life*,” by Eliza-

beth Stuart Phelps. *Ware* was believed by his spiritual superiors to be orthodox, while in reality he was quite the opposite. Mrs. Ward’s hero is charged with heterodoxy and unsoundness, but proves the injustice of the judgment by a life of self sacrifice. It is interesting to read and compare the two books, which, differing widely, are nevertheless allied to each other by a kind of ecclesiastical atmosphere. It is a pleasure, too, to take up the work of two writers from whom we expect much, and to find that they have not disappointed us.

Most of Mrs. Ward’s literary work is done in her quaint home near Gloucester, Massachusetts. The house has a pleasant and breezy air about it, and its decorations suggest the sea and harmonize with their surroundings. Here it is that Mrs. Ward has lived a life upon which it must be satisfying to look back. Here was the “*Old Maid’s Paradise*,” which even those who never saw it have learned to know, and from these quiet portals have been sent forth the pure and tender messages that have touched the hearts of countless women. For Mrs. Ward views her profession with an ambitious and loyal eye. To her literature is a mission, a thing too sacred to be lightly treated; and in every line she has written, from “*The Gates Ajar*” to “*A Singular Life*,” this thought is preëminent.

In “*A Singular Life*” Mrs. Ward has departed somewhat from her usual line, but in so doing she has lost nothing. The book is one of remarkable force. Its style is irreproachable, and its portrayal of character reasonable and consistent. There is a strong element of romance in the story, and, considering its character, no lack of stirring situations. Mrs. Ward’s use of the word “singular” in the title is the key to the story. Mrs. Burnett’s *Lady of Quality* led a singular life, but there is a subtle distinction. Mrs. Ward’s book might be more readily understood if it were named “*A Single Hearted Life*.”

JOHN HEARD AND HIS WORK.

A few years ago a number of short stories appeared in stray places, signed “John Heard.” The best of them were stories of Mexico, and, unlike most of the romances from that land, they sounded genuine. Those who are always on the lookout for a new genius thought that they had discovered one, and waited and watched to see its full flowering. It never came; the stories ceased, and as time went by they were lost under the dust of every day happenings. The young author died before he had time to prove what was in him, though the promise which he gave surpassed the achievement of most men. He has lately been “discovered” by European critics, and translations of his short stories have made something of a sensation in France.

In clear, plain, incisive English, with the purest narrative style, Heard gave the picture of the lives he found in the mud villages of Mexico. They gleam with color, they throb with the universal passions, they are

stained by the universal sins. These untutored ones, these children of nature, close to the earth, are more intense, more dramatic, than the same people in a colder climate, and Heard's genius made them seem real to us.

"Maxima" is probably the best of the collection. *L'Honi*, the young French engineer, finds a mother starving to death rather than sell her child. He takes the girl, watches her grow into beauty, and finds that he loves her. Her reversion to her own low type makes a powerful study in heredity.

"EMMA LOU" AND HER BOOK.

A curious little book, which the authoress herself probably does not take quite seriously, is "*Emma Lou, Her Book*," by Miss Mary Mears, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

It is supposed to be the diary of a girl of sixteen, who taught school, went to the academy, and had the joys and sorrows of her place and age, well seasoned with mistakes. *Emma Lou* is such a remarkable young person that we are compelled to believe her actual. She writes sermons for the young minister, who flings his hair off his forehead in the fascinating way known to young ministers everywhere. She is a thousand times more natural than Hamlin Garland's *Rose*, and her historian has the sense of humor which Mr. Garland entirely lacks; but unfortunately Miss Mears also lacks Mr. Garland's depth of literary purpose. That is a quality which may come with time, for Miss Mears is quite a young girl.

We can make almost any prophecy for the author of "*Emma Lou*." She belongs to a talented family. Her sister, Nellie Mears, is the young sculptress, who, without ever having seen a good statue, or having a single lesson, made the beautiful symbolic figure of Wisconsin for the World's Fair. She is in Europe now, with what the artists call "a future." *Emma Lou*, sermon writing at sixteen, and with an appreciation of the fact that her sermons are "not orthodox, or any other kind of dox," probably has her great characters to carve.

INK AND INSANITY.

Sometimes it would appear that the crying need of today is sanity, common sense. Imagination is very good, but imagination carried beyond the limits ends in a madhouse; and with all due respect to his public we would call attention to the fact that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is on the road thither. He has started a new periodical called the *Savoy*. It resembles the early editions of the *Yellow Book*, except in its color, which is an unhealthy pink; but it far exceeds that journal in "scope." We do not know why Mr. Beardsley left the *Yellow Book* coterie, but it may have been because there was somebody in the house who saw that his novel—which he is publishing and illustrating in the *Savoy*—is the raving of a mind diseased in a particularly unpleasant fashion. "Vathek" was a piece of light, wholesome, clean literature beside Mr. Beardsley's production.

It is said that Mr. Beardsley is preparing to illustrate Pope's "Rape of the Lock." It has not been long since this busy young man took his very black ink and his flourishes into "Morte d'Arthur," with a result which even his most enthusiastic friends pushed out of sight. Pope has been dead so long that he is defenseless against such attacks; but we can let our imaginations take us into the scene that would be enacted were the waspish, sarcastic poet of Twickenham to come back to defend his verse from Beardsley!

Mr. Beardsley missed his vocation. He should have been an instructor in penmanship, and then it would not have mattered if his meaning were lost in flourishes.

"SIX MODERN WOMEN."

If the gaiety of nations depended upon those who deliberately undertake the task of providing it, it is to be feared the chorus of laughter would lose volume.

We must put into the category of the unconscious humorists Fru Laura Hansson, a German lady who has married a well known Swedish writer, and who has, we are told, become well known in her own country by her literary criticisms. She has offered us an example of her work in "Six Modern Women." The six are Marie Bashkirtseff, George Egerton, Eleonora Duse, Sonia Kovalevsky, Amelie Skram, and Fru Eggren Leffler. The two last named are Swedish celebrities. But it makes little difference whom Fru Hansson chooses as her illustrations, so diverting are her theories in themselves.

She points to these women, and says: "Here are painters and writers and actresses who have worn their lives out for ambition, and have been unhappy, when all they wanted to keep them quiet and amused was a lover." According to Fru Hansson, the exercise of the intellect is pure and utter folly, and there is only one destiny for women. They are told to sit tranquil until that comes to them, like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale. In some quarters this advice will be welcomed. The indolent of mind, those to whom the friction of intellectual life is tiresome, or who have not the capacity to strike boldly into the modern current, will use the book as the text of another jeer at woman's ambitions. And it has a certain cleverness, too. It amuses because of its shrewdness. Certain fundamental facts of feminine human nature have been given, but to the average woman who reads "Six Modern Women" they will serve simply as guide posts to show her what to avoid.

One puts down Fru Hansson's book feeling something of the horror which possessed the Valkyries when the king of gods gave to Brunnhilde the terrible curse of commonplace womanhood.

DUMAS AND HIS TREASURES.

At the sale of the effects of the late Alexandre Dumas, the outside world discovered what had long been known to his friends—

that the author was one of the best art critics in France. Three years ago Dumas sold his pictures, but since then he had collected a new gallery. His study was lined with canvases by Tassaert, whose silvery paintings were his especial delight. Meissonier was one of his intimate friends, and presented him with a great many sketches and small pictures.

A book which was eagerly bid for at the Dumas sale was a copy of "The Clemenceau Case" which had been illustrated by Heilbuth, Leloir, Detaille, and Meissonier. The book was printed on Holland paper, and illustrated, page by page, by these men, who loved Dumas, and whose art was of the highest. The subject of Meissonier's picture was "Iza Posing before her Husband."

The selection of this book to illustrate shows the difference between the French and the Anglo Saxon taste. To us it was something to hide away, not to make the most prominent of its author's works.

BERNHARDT'S MEMOIRS.

An old friend of Sarah Bernhardt's has been telling of her coming book of memoirs. If she tells half she knows, nothing could be more interesting. She has known every famous man in France, and most of the great men of the earth, and in these latter days she is cultivating women as well, queens being her favorites.

Bernhardt and Dumas were devoted friends. From her earliest youth she carried all of her troubles to him. He was introduced to her one night at the Odéon, in her dressing room. With her usual impetuosity, she asked him to write a play for her.

"My child," he said, "you were created for the language of the gods. I only write comedies in prose."

But he did write parts for her afterwards, and *Camille* was one of her favorite rôles, the one in which America best knows her.

Dumas and Sardou lived side by side at Marly, and with Bernhardt made a trio of devoted friends who never tired of one another.

POVERTY AS A SPUR AND AS A DRAG.

Daudet and Zola, those old comrades in poverty, have been giving their views upon its efficacy as a stimulus to genius. Daudet says: "We"—he means himself and penury, not himself and Zola—"lived together long—too long, I think. The stereotyped idea that poverty spurs up temperaments inclined to idleness is pretty well worn out. When you live in solitude, face to face with the work you are obliged to do, when hunger gnaws at your vitals, and pride prevents you making known your need to those who might help you, it is a terrible experience. Is it impossible to have talent because a man dines every day? Goncourt, Flaubert, and many others entered life by the flowery path. That did not prevent their writing masterpieces."

Zola says that he sometimes finds himself regretting the days when his next meal had

the character of an unsolved problem. Yet in his years of struggle he had no real friends to keep up his courage; and even now he has no one outside of his own family to whom he gives the *lu* of affection, except some old school-fellows far away in the country. It was only the hot fire of ambition in his heart that kept him warm and alive.

ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS.

The irrepressible Rochefort, who did so much to insure the fall of Napoleon III, and whose latest conspicuous appearance before the world was as the editor of the recognized organ of General Boulanger, has just presented his memoirs to the public.

Few men have led such exciting lives as this Paris journalist. He has seemingly been acquainted with every man or woman of note of his day and generation. He has been sentenced to death, and thrice exiled from France, and he was one of the famous leaders of the Commune. But the interest of his book lies not so much in the personal adventures of the author, as in the light he is able to throw upon past history.

Rochefort came of a noble family. His grandmother was imprisoned with du Barry the notorious, and was a witness of the execution of Marie Antoinette. She lived to tell her grandson vivid stories of an acquaintance with the greatest personages of modern history, and incidentally to take away a great deal of the glamour of conventional romance. We hear that du Barry was imprisoned because she made herself continually conspicuous by her demands upon the public treasury, and not through treachery, as we have so long been told. After she reached the prison, the great court lady airs which had made her admired by all Europe dropped away, and the common woman of the streets—the plain Jeanne Bécu she once was—came again to the front.

We hear from this old lady, too, that Marie Antoinette did not go to the scaffold with proud mien, a queen to the last, but that she was almost fainting, and bent double like a very old woman. She had to be carried to the guillotine. Rochefort claims to have proof that the luckless queen actually went to Cardinal de Rohan and begged for the famous diamond necklace which was that prelate's ruin.

Even Napoleon is shown up in a new light by this idol smasher. Barras made him contemptible, but Rochefort shows him "not the heroic and impassive Jugurtha who, captured by the Romans, dies of hunger without uttering a complaint," but a cringing, humble prisoner, sending letters of congratulation to the French royal house upon the birth of an heir. Of course Eugénie and Napoleon III do not escape from this cynical recorder of history.

The book is amusing to the student of human nature, no less than to the student of history, but it will hardly become a text book in girls' schools.

ETCHINGS

IN A GARDEN OF JUNE.

SHE lay in a hammock of scarlet and gold,
In the far spreading shade of an oak
Whose centuried trunk with the lichens and
moss

Was folded about like a cloak ;
The wood robin sped on a bonny brown wing
To the rose laden trellises near,
Where he sang her a song of the mornings of
June,
The loveliest days of the year.

But impatiently swaying a delicate foot
In a slipper of silver, she cried :
"The butterfly's wooing the lily—the bee
Has taken the rose for a bride.
I am weary of swinging alone in the shade ;
A gallant should kneel to me here ;
For this is the season to love and be loved,
The loveliest days of the year."

He opened the gate in the ivy draped wall,
And parted the lilies to pass ;
"Where birds and the blossoms are thickest,
I know
I shall find her asleep in the grass ;
And if I should tell her the hopes of my heart,
Perchance she would listen—my dear !
For the soul of a maiden to love is inclined
In the loveliest days of the year."

The wood robin stopped in the midst of his
song,
And the bee hid away in the rose,
When over the beautiful sleeper he bent,
And broke with a kiss her repose.
"Oh, sweeter than honey the dew of thy
lips !"
He sighed, at her dainty pink ear ;
"Thou fairest of all the fair flowers that
unfold
In the loveliest days of the year !"

With a smile and a blush and a hint of a tear
And a toss of her curls in the sun,
She circled his neck with an ivory arm,
And he knew that at last she was won.
So, lover, whose lady has laughed thee to
scorn

When frost bitten branches were sere,
Go tell her thy love in a garden of June,
In the loveliest days of the year.

Minna Irving.

A LOVE SONG.

COME, love, to our trysting ! The mountains
are greening,

While valleys are smiling and burgeoning
sweet,
And torrents are rushing from snows in their
flushing,
The river to greet.

Oh, love, were you sleeping, when valley and
hillside

Reëchoed the musical mockingbird's song,
Low cooing a dove note or lilting a love
note

The starry night long ?

And did you not dream that the Tennessee
water,

A lancet of crystal, was cleaving the hills
Of laurel crests lifting o'er silver threads
drifting

In turbulent rills ?

Ah, soon you awakened to earth's tender
beauty ;

You lifted your lashes at parting with night,
The flush of the morning your fair face adorn-
ing

With rapturous light.

Oh, season of seasons for living and loving,
In sunlight or shadow, in star shine or day !
Oh, springtime is meekest and love time the
sweetest,

Forever and aye !

James Graham.

A GENTLE HINT.

"You may not kiss me, sir," she said,
As saucily she tossed her head,
While laughter welled deep in her eyes ;
"You may not kiss me—till snow flies."

Now this befell in jocund May,
When all the air with bloom was gay ;
But I—I wished each leaf was sere
And dull December days were here,

Till there beneath the apple trees
White petals showered in every breeze
And lay in fairy windrows piled ;
"Why, how it snows !" she said, and smiled.

Winthrop Packard.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Is Orpheus dead, and are the heights
Of old Parnassus lonely,
That we should hear, these days and nights,
The minor singers only—
The little woodland notes, the strain
Of tiny song rills flowing ?
Oh, shall we never hear again
The blast of bugles blowing ?

Where is the organ and the shrill
Of fife—the call and rally ?
Cannot one singer climb the hill
Of all these in the valley ?
Gone is the blast of trumpet tone,
The lilting note fast dying,
And all the empyrean lone
With not a skylark flying.

We have our singers—quaint and sweet
 Their little notes upspringing ;
 Dainty and pretty and discreet
 Is all their faultless singing ;
 But Milton's organ voice—the strain
 That sets the blood a-flowing—
 Ah, could we hear but once again
 Those mighty pipes a-blowing !

Keats', Shelley's singing—is it lost
 With all its pain and passion ?
 As an unvalued bauble tossed,
 In careless modern fashion,
 To make a place for those who sing
 Bird notes in pleasant numbers ?
 Hark, how the polished cages ring
 While old Parnassus slumbers !

Joseph Dana Miller.

FRIENDS.

THE path I trod when autumn neared its end
 Was spanned by heavens heavy eyed and
 drear,
 And all the death and drooping of the year
 Saddened the world till I met you, my friend ;
 A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,
 And then we parted ; yes, but where I strode
 Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road
 Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays ;
 And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred
 thing—
 A God sent bird voice rioted of spring !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A JUNE LASS.

FOR her the pale tea roses spill
 Their attar of the orient ;
 The dog rose by her window sill,
 Seeing her smile, is well content ;
 The moss rose feels a gladder thrill,
 Knowing the path she went.

The peerless crimson climber there,
 If she pass heedless, droops in pain ;
 The Marechal Niel, so proudly fair,
 Would wither under her disdain ;
 The hedgerow wildings everywhere
 Of her regard are fain.

And I, whose heart is most in tune
 In rose time, with its balmy stir,
 Find all the perfect joys of June
 Compacted and complete in her ;
 So, with the roses, crave for boon
 To be her worshiper.

Clinton Scollard.

SINCE, LOVE, TODAY.

SINCE, love, today the clear sunshine
 In murmuring brooks reflects the roses,
 By whose flushed length of mossy closes
 The clear tongued thrush, where branches
 twine,

Uplifts its hallowed note with thine,
 Who, then, would say all fraught with prose
 is,
 Since, love, today the clear sunshine
 In murmuring brooks reflects the roses ?

For why should ever faint heart pine
 When slipped love in dainty hose is,
 And elf bees rock on summer posies ?
 Ah, naught but glad thy mood—nor mine,
 Here, love, today in clear sunshine.

Archibald Douglas.

THE FIRST KISS.

IT took so long to say good by ;
 The curtains were half drawn, and I—
 For once I seemed to hesitate,
 She looked so pleased to have me wait ;
 And so we let the minutes fly.

The hours just then were all awry :
 "'Tis early yet," I heard her sigh.
 The clock responded—"It is late !"
 It took so long.

Now there was no one near to spy
 A maiden and her lover shy.
 Ah, well ! I can't quite demonstrate
 Just how her lips met mine. 'Twas fate !
 Love's first, sweet kiss, and that is why
 It took so long !

Felix Carmen.

TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS :

MEN call you of the "classic type,"
 And though I am untaught of books,
 That means, I'm told by scholars ripe,
 The ancient Greeks would like your looks.

I see, when gazing on your cheeks,
 Just how this notion they derive :
 You *would* seem young to ancient Greeks
 If they, forsooth, were still alive !

H. C. Ficklen.

WHERE MABEL WAITS.

FAR from all the blare and bustle,
 From the city's glare and glow,
 Rhythmic with the forest's rustle,
 And the rillet's silvern flow,
 Wild flowers for their fair adorning,
 Birds as guardians of their gates,
 Old as time, yet young as morning,
 Are the hills where Mabel waits.

Like the trees in leafy trebles
 Is her graceful garment's stir ;
 Like the ripples o'er the pebbles
 Is the vernal voice of her !
 Bloom-like is her fascination ;
 Faith, I bless the happy fates
 I've an early invitation
 To the hills where Mabel waits !

Ne'er did words of dearer candor,
 In the gracious years of yore,
 Thrill the heart of brave Leander
 By the Hellespontine shore !
 I shall haste, a joyful rover,
 Unto love's divine estates,
 And shall dwell—a bee in clover—
 'Mong the hills where Mabel waits !

Clinton Scollard.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

CIVILIZATION AND SAVAGES.

It begins to look as if modern times were to see another uncivilized nation work out its own destiny unconquered. King Menelek of Abyssinia fought with barefooted warriors, but he fairly defeated Italy's best soldiers. He has not only proved his ability to maintain his ancient empire, but has shown that he understands honor and generosity as well as courage.

The usual process of "civilizing" a new country means only one thing—rapid or slow extermination of its original habitants. We are told that a race is "inferior" because it dies under the hothouse treatment of modern civilization. The kindly reformer takes the uncivilized man, clothes him, gives him bakers' bread and whisky, teaches him to read, and tries to pour into his brain the learning of centuries. When he cannot receive it, when it demoralizes and kills him, the reformer says: "Inferior! Better out of the way," and with a sympathetic sigh, begins to sell his hunting grounds for town lots.

Except for Lord Napier's punitive raid upon Magdala, the Abyssinians have never been conquered; and it is likely, as they are not an aggressive people, that they will be left alone in future. They have already learned the modern methods of warfare, and it will be interesting to see in what direction they advance upon their own responsibility.

Japan has shown us what a semi civilized nation can do in a few short years. How many other peoples might have followed in her footsteps, had their fate been propitious, it is difficult to say. The American Indian was widely different from the Japanese, but the Six Nations had many elements of advancement, and it is not wholly impossible that they might have made another and greater Japan if they had been let alone for another five hundred years.

THE REIGN OF THE BUSINESS MAN.

As the world grows richer and older, business interests play a more and more commanding part in its affairs. In the good old times, the trader cut a very small figure beside the warrior. He was fortunate to be permitted to live and transact business in the intervals of the campaigns to which men gave their best energies. Nowadays, the situation is reversed. The soldier cannot march upon the foe without the sanction of commerce and finance. Wars are more likely to be fought for "markets" than for glory. The power of industry and property is greater than that of the sword; and it is well for the world that it should be. Pessimists complain that we are becoming sordid, that our spirit is decaying; but there is no real basis for such allegations, and they are readily disproved on occasion.

Would the movement for arbitration as a substitute for war between England and the United States have reached its present proportions but for the immense moneyed interests involved? Here we certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the business men on both sides of the Atlantic who have made it plain to their respective governments that hostilities can be precipitated only by a criminal blunder.

The matter has its amusing side, too, as was instanced the other day. Perceiving that Spanish pride and Cuban resentment have brought about a disastrous deadlock in the Queen of the Antilles, certain enterprising London capitalists formulated a proposal for "syndicating" a new government for Cuba upon a basis which they guaranteed to make satisfactory to all parties concerned. Full details of their plan were forwarded to the Madrid government and to the insurgent leaders—none of whom, however, has yet accepted it.

It would be interesting to trace the influence of business considerations in modern political movements, and future historians may attempt the task. They will have something to say about gold and diamonds as disturbing factors in South Africa, and may tell us whether it was the sugar corporations who overthrew the native monarchy in Hawaii.

"LET THE DEAD PAST."

ANOTHER relic of a closed chapter of American history was obliterated by the recent removal, at the instance of Senator Hill, of the regulation that prevented army officers who had held commissions from the Confederacy from again entering the service of the United States. Intrinsicly the repeal of the restriction is of little importance, as there is small chance that the government will need the services of the few survivors who came under its terms. It is notable, however, as another sign of the passing of sectionalism, and as a recognition of the fact that should our flag be threatened no swords would be drawn to defend it more swiftly than those of the veterans who attacked it three and a half decades ago.

When debated in the Senate, only one vote was cast against Mr. Hill's proposal. It is to be regretted that there was even one Senator anxious to maintain an obsolete sectional disqualification, and unwilling, at this late day, to accept the reunion of North and South as final, absolute, and complete, without a reservation or a distinction of any sort.

WHAT AMERICANS READ.

AMERICANS are called frivolous; but can the epithet be just when out of 3,837 new books published last year no less than 1,157 were upon "law, theology, religion, political and social science, and mental and moral philos-

ophy"? Such are the figures given by the trade reports. Volumes on these subjects, and especially on religious topics, appear in great numbers, and often are widely read, without attracting a tithe of the notoriety that attends a successful novel.

Of novels we learn that 573—not reckoning reprints—published in 1895 were the work of American authors, 827 of foreigners. This, again, militates against an accepted idea, and shows that the native novelist is not so utterly submerged by the flood of British fiction as we have been told. After all, he is writing 41 per cent of our novels, against 59 per cent by the authors of England, France, Germany, Norway, and elsewhere.

Another salient fact of the trade reports is that fewer books are issued in the United States than in England, Germany, or France. It would be quite a mistake to infer that we are less of a reading people. The explanation is a very easy one, lying in the far greater strength and variety of our periodical press. There is practically nothing in Europe that corresponds to our daily papers, with their copious literary contents, and to our monthly magazines.

THE PASSING OF THE DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

WHEN a distinguished foreigner—it matters not what he may be distinguished for—comes to America, he is sure to be interviewed by every reporter who can get within hailing distance. The opening question has become so stereotyped that the arriving celebrity knows it before he leaves home, and smiles when he hears it—"What do you think of America?"

Now let us, as representatives of all America with the possible exception of the reporters, say that we do not care one brass button what any foreigner, from the Emperor of China to the last Parisian skirt dancer, thinks of America. America is entirely capable of going her own way and taking care of herself, irrespective of anybody else's opinion. When we find it necessary to impress a sense of our importance as a nation upon those who deny it, we have ample means of doing so; but these are not the personages who come sailing up New York harbor with their eyes open, gathering in impressions for publication.

The newspaper writers devoted columns to the sad news that Mme. Duse, the Italian actress, did not like us. She is reported as saying that she despised us. Her remarks did not strike us in such a sensitive spot that we stayed away from the theater where she was playing. We liked her—as an actress. She came over here to amuse and entertain us. We paid her our money for what she gave us, and there the transaction ended, so far as we were concerned. If she disliked us, she had a perfect right to say so. The only wonder is that anybody cared to ask her about it.

M. Paul Bourget and Mme. Blanc have lately written serious books about us—which books, we trust, have enjoyed, in their own country, the popularity they deserved. Their authors

took the trouble to come over to write them, and they contained a great deal of information, but they have attracted little attention here.

Self consciousness is a fault of a nation's youth. We are old enough and big enough, now, to have outgrown it, and to regard our critics with courteous indifference. The "distinguished foreigner" might as well leave his notebook at home.

AMERICAN GOOD NATURE.

SCARCELY a day passes on which the American man or woman does not receive, from some petty official of a corporation, sufficient provocation to ask for his removal. Insults, or discourtesies that border upon insults, from car conductor, ticket seller, or policeman, are universal experiences. The first impulse is to resent them; the second forgetfulness.

A woman who was roughly jerked upon a car by the conductor, was asked why she did not report him. "Oh, he is an ignorant creature," she said, "and he probably has a wife and children to support."

There are Americans who have argued in favor of this spirit in our uneducated classes. They say it shows "independence"; that this is a free country, where no man "toadies" to another. They forget that mutual respect is the first principle of really free and enlightened people. These petty officers as a rule take just the position toward the public which that public allows. When they invade its rights, they should be reproved, not only for its protection, but for their instruction—for the creation for them of a proper viewpoint. It is not recognizing him as an equal in the body politic to let pass the offense of the rude official. He simply gets the consideration of a bad tempered brute who belongs to another man, and who is to be avoided, it being too much trouble to admonish him properly.

Our good nature is degrading to its beneficiaries, and proves us lazy and indifferent.

DRESS REFORM IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is not usually regarded as the favorite land of the star eyed goddess of reform. It is a little surprising to learn that the dress reformers, who in our supposedly progressive country have toiled for years and reaped so infinitesimal a harvest of converts, are making great strides in the empire of the Romanoffs. The Society for Rational Costume recently held a congress in Moscow, to which the fashion and intellect of the old Muscovite capital are said to have flocked. The Czarina herself, it was announced, has indorsed the objects of the movement—a statement that is especially significant.

The almost total failure of all previous attempts in this direction has been mainly due to the fact that its leaders utterly neglected, and even deliberately antagonized, the established powers that govern the habiliments of woman. If once they could make fashion their ally, instead of their foe, at least half the battle would be won.